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The London Charivari

"HEY, Chiefy, I got some'n' on the screen."

"Oh, yeah!" says Chiefy of the U.S. Navy's Space Surveillance network.

"Yeah, and it's noo. A big feller. An Ivan."

"Still jumping to conclusions, seaman. How many more times have I gotta tell you—"

"But, hell, Chiefy, I'm gettin' it loud and clear."

"Could be anything, boy, *anything*. Let's call it an unknown object, eh?"

"Well, skipper, *my theory . . .*"

And so the news went out: "Unknown Object in Orbit, Soviet Origin Theory." I like to think.

Selling Line

A MERICAN stores are so hot, says a writer who writes about this sort of thing, that cloakrooms are provided in which shoppers leave their



overcoats on entering. Now for a really go-ahead store that keeps the temperature down to zero in its overcoat department.

Convert to Reincarnation

AT the end of a grimmish "Panorama" feature on Cremation versus Burial, Richard Dimbleby remarked cheerfully, "Cremation for me *every time*."

Cultural Cell

FOLLOWING the success of *The Hostage*, whose author has done time, and *Fings ain't Wot They Used T'be*, whose author has done the



same, managements are on the look-out for shows that will transfer into the West End direct from the concert halls of Pentonville, Brixton and the Scrubs.

No Flogging

THE Bench at Liverpool Juvenile Court took an unusual line with a boy up for housebreaking; the sentence imposed was to write out the Boy Scouts' promise twenty-five times and post it to the court. I don't know how this punishment was arrived at, or how disapprovingly the magistrates' clerk shook his head over it, but at least it may prove a valuable deterrent in local circles, once the news gets round that breaking the law results in nothing more heroic than another pile of homework.

The New Dawn

IN the shop-workers' journal, *The New Dawn*, complaint is made that life in self-service grocery shops is too monotonous. Might it not be brightened



"The only conclusion to be drawn from your geography essay, Wilson, is that you've been boycotting South Africa."

by helping the customer to find what he wants instead of tricking him into buying what he doesn't want? The occasional male shopper enters these places with reluctance. Blinded by fluorescent inks, bullied by direction arrows, he trails a wire basket round for five minutes seeking a jar of shrimps which a behind-the-counter assistant could have given him in five seconds. Finally he must queue to pay behind ten women who have each bought £1 17s. 10d.-worth of goods. The pay girl does not say thank you. After all, there's a notice to say that.

In the Red

THE time has come," in the opinion of Mr. W. Ramsay Lyon, director of the Parker Pen Company, "for a little gaiety in ink." His back-room boffins have just produced a new sort of ink that is said to be "compatible" with all other inks ("less feathering . . . no sludging") in new gay colours. Mr. Lyon's announcement was restrained by modesty that is becoming increasingly rare in trade: his new ink, it is claimed, is only "probably the finest in the world." In some isolated Patagonian village there may be colours even gayer than Mr. Lyon's, and of course there must be plenty of primitive places still where the brightest ink of all bears no depressing reminder of debt.

Catering at Animal Farm

A BERKSHIRE farmer's one hundred and eighty pampered cows thrive on "zero grazing." This means, among other things, that they are never obliged to dirty a hoof in the fields, but have all their meals served at home in the yards. If this example is followed, I foresee some sticky problems. Sheep will be campaigning for pastoral parity. Why should they have to leg it all over the grass, in every kind of weather? Moreover our dollar tourists are going to feel pretty disenchanted if the cows of the posters are permanently invisible, and the only activity in sight is that of self-loading trailers in search of the animals' dinner.

New-Old Testament

THE Russian scientist's claim that Lot's wife was not turned into a pillar of so-called salt but killed by an atomic explosion set off by men from outer space will give some fundamentalists many moments of agonizing reappraisal. The walls of Jericho, if I know a Russian scientist when I see one, were felled by the trumpets of Venusians who later came down to earth and founded the Bessarabians o' th' Barn brass band; the Tower of Babel collapsed because of inferior materials used by capitalist warmongering Martians; and the Red Sea was conveniently drained off for a few moments



"Okay, okay, but promise not to prise my fingers away."

The tenth in the series of drawings in colour by Hewison, "As They Might have Been," appears on page 273.

The subject is:
J. B. PRIESTLEY

by a PLUTO device later filched by unscrupulous British spies from Saturnian archives.

Watchful Workers

TRADE unions in Norway are demanding one TV-free day a week so that workers will attend union meetings instead of watching programmes. But I pass the idea on to the T.U.C., desperately casting about for a solution to the old problem of the E.T.U., whose Communist junta, now accused of election-rigging, depends on the fact that about 80 per cent of the members can't be bothered. This compulsory TV fast might be the film industry's only hope of stopping the wholesale closure of half Britain's remaining cinemas. And it may also be Norway's best method of boosting its intake of British tourists.

Habent Sua Fata Libelli

THIS is a splendid use of national wealth," says Sir Charles Snow, referring to the fact that hard-cover books in the Soviet cost half what they do here. I hope he sees where this leads. Heinemanns and Methuen and the rest are going to expect whacking great subsidies from the Arts Council. There will be appeals for the public to contribute towards the cost of publishing the new Ian Fleming. The Treasury will fork out £150,000 to buy *Cider With Rosie* for the nation. There is one small point Sir Charles didn't mention: it's much easier to keep the price of your books down if, like the Russians, you fail to pay their royalties to the authors.

Deep Breathing Exercise

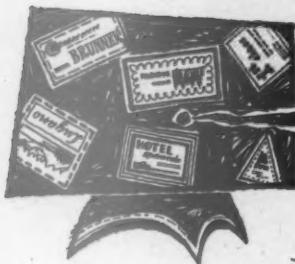
LIKE the new telephone gadget that saves time after you've dialled by giving you a signal when the party at the other end actually starts speaking. And if the party at the other end is also waiting for the same signal from you it could be the biggest thing since telephones were invented.

—MR. PUNCH



"When did you last see Ramsay Mac Donald?"

Have B.A.— Will Travel



**Further jottings from
the Diaries of A. J. WENTWORTH
as recorded by H. F. Ellis**

1.—A Disappointing Start

IT is not easy for a retired schoolmaster to live in the manner to which he is accustomed (and *that* is no great shakes in all conscience) on a small pension and the few shillings saved from a lifetime spent trying to knock the elementary principles of mathematics into a succession of thick-headed Burgrove boys. One does not expect, naturally, to be able to afford television sets and all the other fal-lals that I am told are now necessities—necessities, *forsooth!*—for millions of people who have never heard of Pythagoras and could not solve a second-degree equation to save their lives, but a man likes a pipe of tobacco now and again, and really there are times when one hardly knows where to turn with collar-attached shirts coming back in a parlous condition from the laundry at one-and-fourpence a time and baked beans, which I do *not* like, almost a luxury now. Something ought to be done, though it is hard to say what. I certainly have no intention of accepting charity, from the Government or anyone else, at my time of life. Not that I would have accepted it as a young man, I need hardly say.

All that, however, is beside the point. I am not in my dotage yet by any manner of means, and prefer to plough my own furrow so long as I have my health and strength. My hearing is still remarkably good, considering, and as to my eyesight not much escapes me, as Mrs. Bretton found to her cost only the other day when she forgot to dust behind the clock. At the same time I do not altogether care for the idea of taking some fiddling coaching or tutoring job down here in Fenport, where I have other interests and, perhaps I may say without immodesty, a certain standing. The answer for a man in my position seems to me to be some form of part-time occupation elsewhere, it might be as companion or adviser to some young man or family, just for two or three months in the year. I fancy, with my experience, I could be of some assistance in any one of a number of situations that come to mind—and I use the word "situation" in its widest sense, of course. One has not held the post of Headmaster's right-hand man (which I think I may say I was in my later years at Burgrove, despite young Rawlinson's tendency at times to—well, push himself forward a little more than his qualifications or attainments warranted) without acquiring the administrative ability and, shall we say, *savoir faire* that could be of

inestimable value in, for instance, arranging a tour abroad, buying tickets and so on, or in taking charge of whatever it might be while others were temporarily absent. That kind of thing. At any rate, we shall see.

Retired schoolmaster, B.A. (Oxon), wd consider short-term employment, up to 3 mths if interesting work. Posns of trust, organization, etc. Willing to travel, within limits. Accustomed sole charge individuals or gps. No agencies or divorce work.

I should not myself have thought it necessary to make the final provision, particularly in an advertisement for insertion in *The Times*, but an old friend whom I consulted on this matter tells me that it is advisable, if one wishes to avoid unpleasant entanglements. I am not exactly certain what "No agencies" means, as a matter of fact, but I can well believe that it is something I should not care to be mixed up in. One hears of detective agencies, for instance. I can put my finger on the guilty party as promptly as any man when it is a matter of paper dart-throwing or that bizarre business of Matron's overshoes, and I dare say the knowledge of human nature one acquires as a schoolmaster would stand me in good stead if I were ever called upon to investigate more serious crimes. I had no doubt whatever in my own mind about the theft of Miss Stevens's ducks down here the other week. Foxes, indeed! "That was a two-legged fox, if ever I saw one," I told her, and would very soon have named the culprit had she not already been paid compensation by the Hunt secretary. Still, that was all in the way of friendship. It is a very different matter to stand about in shrubberies at so much the hour and jot down the numbers of young men who arrive in Jaguars. The numbers of their cars, that is to say. I shall certainly decline any offers of work of that kind.

One will have to feel one's way. Who knows? Perhaps by this time next week I shall be far away from my little cottage in Fenport, engaged in some employment of a confidential nature. The years seem to roll away. One is on the threshold of, if not adventure, at least a change. That is the great thing.

There have been no replies as yet to my advertisement, apart from a suggestion that I might be interested in investing £200 in a second-hand furniture shop shortly about to open

in South Wales. I am not. I have not put aside fifty pounds a year from my earnings ever since I was 25 in order to provide Welshmen with dressers and mahogany chests-of-drawers. Other considerations apart, I know nothing about second-hand furniture shops except that I have yet to see a customer enter one. I remember, years ago, asking a colleague why it was that such shops always kept half their furniture outside on the pavement, but he did not know. He said it was the same with people who sold ladders and enamelled baths. "But not butchers or chemists," I objected, and he agreed. One would have thought there would be by-laws.

My copy of *The Burgovian* arrived by the same post as this extraordinary suggestion and I was skimming through "Notes and News" (young Phillips has been playing hockey for Sandhurst, I see, though they have got his second initial wrong again) when an odd thought made me smile. "Mr. A. J. Wentworth's many friends, past and present, will be interested to hear that he has gone into the second-hand furniture business"—what a scoop that would be for next term's issue! But it is not my duty, I am thankful to say, to

provide sensational items for my old school magazine. The whole thing is not worth a moment's thought.

Megrin came in about the Debating Society, and I asked him (quite casually of course and without giving anything away) if he happened to know anything about second-hand furniture in Wales.

"You ask the most extraordinary questions, Wentworth," he said. "I imagine it is like second-hand furniture anywhere else. Huge wall mirrors and purplish bureaux with dangling brass handles. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I said. "It doesn't matter." I then tried to change the subject, but Megrin is one of those people who worry at a casual conversation like a dog with a bone.

"Suppose I were to ask you whether you knew anything about ironmongery in Northumberland," he said. "Wouldn't that seem to you a bit odd? Or no, as a matter of fact I suppose it wouldn't. Do you know anything about ironmongery in Northumberland, Wentworth?"

I told him, as far as I remember, that I knew nothing about ironmongery, or about Northumberland either for that matter.



" . . . who, in the last minute, had the misfortune to put past his own 'keeper . . . "



I said, quite politely, that I was not in the least interested in ironmongery and that, if everything was now settled about the Debate, I had some rather important letters to write. But you might as well give a hint to a rhinoceros.

"I'm not interested in second-hand furniture," he said, with a look round my room which I very much resented, "unless it's good, that is. But I *am* interested, naturally, in why you should be interested. In South Wales of all places. Of course, if it's a secret—"

"There is nothing secret about it," I interrupted, well knowing what would happen in a place like this if anybody thought there was. "It simply happens—a friend of mine was asking me about it. I am only sorry I bothered you with the thing." I do not care for prevarication, but with a certain type of persistent bore one sometimes has no alternative.

"I see," he said. "I tell you what though. You know Roberts, up the lane?"

"Well?" I said.

"Well, I've got an idea he, or it may have been his sister, used to be in Antiques or something more or less in those parts. He might be able to help. I'll send the old boy along to you, shall I?"

"It is very kind of you," I began, "but—"

"No trouble," he said in that off-hand way of his. "I'm going that way in any case." And he took himself off before I had a chance to tell him for goodness' sake to mind his own business. If only I knew of an ironmonger from Westmorland or some such place to plague Megrim with I could soon put a stop to this nonsense.

* * * * *

Roberts came to the back door after tea to tell me he had something in the handcart outside I might care to look at. I can't say I was greatly surprised, for these people always seem to get hold of the wrong end of the stick. Rather than involve myself in a long explanation to the effect that I was not interested in buying furniture but in the second-hand furniture business (which I certainly am *not*), I accompanied Roberts to the gate in no very good temper.

"That's a Swansea piece, that is," he said. "As you'll likely know."

It was a small chest of drawers, hardly fit even for a boy's dormitory, and quite useless to me. However, I offered the man half a crown to be rid of him. It did not seem fair that he should have had his journey for nothing, under a misapprehension that was probably not altogether his fault. But he was by no means grateful. He said it was a genuine antique. "Why, it's worth more than that as firewood," he told me.

"I dare say," I said. "But there's the labour of chopping it up."

In the end, feeling a little ashamed of having allowed ill temper to rule my tongue, I gave him ten shillings for it, which I can ill afford, and asked him to put the chest in the tool-shed. It seems a poor return, so far, for my advertisement in *The Times*.

Perhaps to-morrow's post will bring me something a little more promising.

Next week :
"A Missed Opportunity"

Real Gone are the Days

By ALEX ATKINSON

THREE'S no doubt about it, the pace is hotting up. Next week's news is already getting a bit jaded by yesterday, and to-day exists merely as a brief respite or lull before the shattering wonder of to-morrow. This is the state we've got ourselves into with our horseless carriages and our synthetic resins and our splitting of the twelve-tone scale and all the rest—and don't anybody try to tell me that to-morrow never comes, because I know better. That's to-morrow streaking due west over your left shoulder like a shot off a shovel, and if you missed it there'll be another one along about last Friday, twice as shiny.

I don't think there's much point in my going any further into all this, because my nice clean sheet of typing-paper has begun to turn brown and curl at the edges, and the ink is fading so rapidly that the last time I looked I could barely make out that first sentence up there. However, I don't want to disappoint anyone, and I shall therefore press on at a brisk pace, and the first thing I have to do is to remind those of you who haven't forgotten already, that a book of articles on jazz has just come out in America, and one of the articles is entitled "Looking Back on the Modern Jazz Quartet." Now here, you see, we have the thing in a nutshell. Some of you old fuddy-duddies of seventeen or eighteen have barely taken the sleeve off your first M.J.Q. disc and tried to work out how Milt Jackson manages to reduce the speed on the fans of his vibraphone motor—let alone whether he's liable to have a beard or not—and all the time there are people *looking back* on the whole business, dropping John Lewis and Percy Heath into their slots in ancient history (about a fortnight after the Dizzy Gillespie era, or Ice Age, and five minutes before the Neanderthal-Romanticist Revival Period) and turning their attention to some new boy wonder who can play the tonic upside-down while simultaneously subjecting it to tonal variations by means of grace notes and the half-depressed valve effect, all on the

French horn. You're just not *with us*. It wouldn't surprise me if you still hanker after pony-tails and Jimmy Giuffre, or even the Mulligan Quartet and *pizza*. Let me tell you here and now, anyone who starts reminiscing about bebop or Dave Brubeck is giving away his age, and that's for sure.*

I've been looking back myself just lately, and it's amazing how poignant the memories are, flooding in from all directions. Anybody else here remember action painting? Or Françoise Sagan? *Sagan*. Wrote novels. No? How about the beats? Hipsters? Ah, but you're young, you can't be expected to recall these halcyon days.

How about you elderly folk? I'll bet some of you haven't even finished being nostalgic about *Salad Days* yet. It makes you think, doesn't it? Do you ever wonder what became of John Osborne? What a time that was! Rousing nights at the Royal Court, with Alison Porter ironing shirts, and people crying "Outrageous!" in the stalls.

**That's for sure*: An expression from way back, even pre-dating *I kid you not*.

Something was stirring then, life was full of the beating of wings, Italian-style shoes had only just reached Tyneside, and Method acting was still good for a tolerant laugh. What about that chariot race in *Ben Hur*? (No, great-grandfather, not *that* one.) Or the Humphrey Lyttelton band without any saxes, or the long, nerve-racked weeks of *Quatermass And The Pit*? Happy times, eh? It seems only yesterday that I strolled into the London Pavilion to see Bardot in *A Woman Like Satan*.* I can even dimly remember the first night of *Waiting For Godot*, and there were places called Espresso bars where young people sat for hours at a time in navy blue sweaters on account of the H-bomb. (They were called teenagers then.) Then there used to be a chap called Brendan Behan who didn't give a damn for anyone, and another chap called Tynan who used to defend us against Harold Hobson, and a gentleman called Dimbleby who ticked life off item by item on a little bit

*Here, wait a minute. Good God—it was only yesterday!



"If it doesn't improve we can cut out the short seventeenth."

of paper he had on his desk in a thing called "Panorama". Many boys bought imitation guitars and came up once and for all against the diminished seventh. It was fashionable among the English to take their holidays abroad. Juvenile delinquency was all the rage. And oh! the joy of those ritual annual family outings to see *The Mousetrap*!

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, when girls in Fulham wore green stockings, and *musique concrète* was not quite *passé*, and it was almost time to remember Christopher Logue, and life was so full of promise you hardly knew what to ask for next.

And what did we *make* of it all? That's what I wonder as I sit snuffling among my souvenirs on a chill day in February 1960, fingering here a dog-eared copy of *Return to Peyton Place*, there a musty programme of *A Taste Of Honey*. Were we equal to the challenge of those far-off days? Have we progressed? Are we ready for Bessie Smith and Eugene O'Neill, Art Tatum and Shakespeare, Hemingway and *The Battleship Potemkin*?

I tell you frankly, I really couldn't say. And it's no good suggesting that time will tell. The way things are, my friend, time hasn't *time* to tell.

these stable-lads, and that's Chico Waring-Jones leading them, Chico Waring-Jones from Norman Bertie's stable, very lively he looks, unofficial, though, and I think I can see T. Healey there too, wearing the colours of the agricultural section of the Transport and General Workers' Union, and there they are lining up at the start, there seems to be a bit of a mêlée going on at the moment, but no, they're lined up now, lot of solidarity there, and they're *off!*

The apprentices are well out in front there, they got off to a very good start and they're going well, bags of reporters, and by Jove, there's someone coming up there on the outside, it's, I think it's, yes, it's Tom Driberg, he came up very fast indeed there on the outside and he's right among the apprentices now. I don't quite know what he's doing there, actually he's entered for quite a different constituency, Barking he's entered for, but anyway he's well up there now, Tom Driberg, he seems to be thoroughly enjoying himself and I expect there'll be some very fine pictures in the papers tomorrow.

There's someone coming out ahead of the stable-lads now, it's Waring-Jones, and he's got a little bunch of unofficial strikers close around him, it looks to me as if he's trying to form a breakaway union from the T.G.W.U., and the union members are definitely falling back a little, Waring-Jones and his lot are coming up quite fast, at the rate they're going it looks as if they may well get as far as Epsom, and then it's anybody's guess what the result may be. Of course the going is particularly suitable for them, they're carrying a demand for ten guineas a week each and more holidays and I think that's a clothes allowance they're after, yes a clothes allowance, that's why they're going so well, and I doubt if T. Healey can catch them up now.

Tom Driberg seems to have faded out of the picture now, he may still have something left up his sleeve, but at any rate he's dropped out from among the apprentices, and I think I heard somebody say that the apprentices' hostel has fallen, it's right out of it now, and I suppose that means that Bill Welham is out too, so the situation is getting very interesting and anything may happen. And now the stable-lads are holding a mass-meeting, this is really very exciting, a mass-meeting

From the Shop Steward's Mouth

The racing correspondent's commentary on current news from the stables

And now, over to Roland Plumpudding at Newmarket . . .

WELL, here we are at Newmarket; it's a lovely day, not a cloud in the sky, meteorologically speaking, that is, and we're waiting for them to come out now. And here they come now, I think it's the, yes, it's the apprentices, the apprentices

are coming out first. They're all out now, and there seems to be some kind of unrest going on. I think someone has been unseated, yes, it's Bill Welham, the welfare officer at the hostel, he's been unseated and that's what's causing all the trouble.

There's someone else coming out now, it's the stable-lads, they're all coming out together, very well organized



"No, not Spain, I'm terrified of bulls."

they're holding, I've never seen anything like it, there's T. Healey still well up, and by Jove there's someone coming up like lightning there, it's G. B. Barling, I think, yes it's G. B. Barling of the Newmarket Trainers' Federation, and just for a moment he shot out into the lead there with a promise to discuss any concrete proposals that might be put up, and I think he said no victimization, yes definitely no victimization is there, but now he's dropped back again, and it seems to be anybody's race now, I don't know who's going to win, and I still have another semitone higher to go in my commentary, and I can see H. Fry, also from the T.G.W.U. stable, regional organizer he is in Epsom, and Edward Groves, secretary to trainer Stanley Wootton, from Epsom, he's there too, and he scores with some talk about threats of violence, but it's all very confused and they're BACK, the stable-lads are back there and my voice has got as high as it will go now, so I return you to the studio.

— B. A. YOUNG



"Mr. Jackson won't keep you long—he's with his psychiatrist."

A Shorter History of Television

TV? What's that?
* * * * *
"No, we don't have television."
* * * * *

"No, I'm afraid we don't have television."
* * * * *

"I don't see how you find time for serious discussion and music if you have TV going all the time."
* * * * *

"You have the advantage of me: you see, we only see television occasionally, at Mother's."
* * * * *

"I just happen to know about Michelmore because the Bensons lent us their set when they were on holiday."
* * * * *

"Oh, I agree, it's splendid for sport and O.B.s. But . . ."
* * * * *

"We got it for the nursery. I don't

think it's bad for children. In fact some of the stuff seems awfully well done."
* * * * *

"No, we didn't actually go to Twickenham. We watched it on the children's television."
* * * * *

"But of course we don't look at that ghastly commercial channel."
* * * * *

"Oh, that? Why, I think I was humming one of those ridiculous TV jingles."
* * * * *

"Certainly we have it on. Not all the time of course, but frankly we both find it very relaxing."
* * * * *

"We ration ourselves pretty severely to Tonight, Panorama, Monitor and any other reasonably cerebral programmes."
* * * * *

"You amaze me. In its way the Billy Cotton Band Show is quite brilliant.

After all it's the art of the masses and one must keep in touch."
* * * * *

"I think we must have missed it. How annoying."
* * * * *

"No, we only saw a bit of it."
* * * * *

"We switched off at once. I mean, really . . .!"
* * * * *

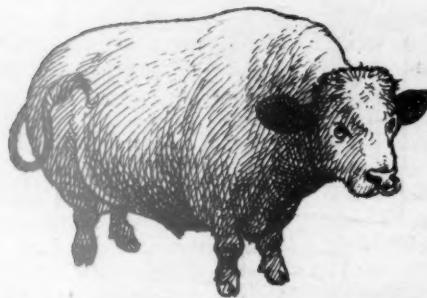
"I'm afraid we seldom look at television."
* * * * *

"We seldom look at television."
* * * * *

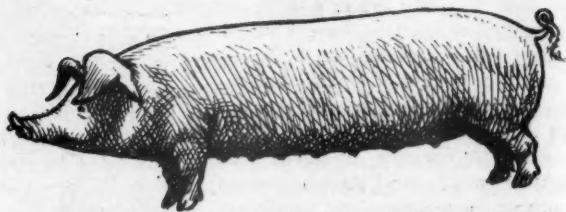
"Oh, yes, we have TV; the babysitter demands it."
* * * * *

"The aerial? Eh, I suppose we never got round to the business of having it taken down."

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



More and more cattle these days are being bred without horns . . .



while pigs are becoming longer and longer;



Man's best friend has deteriorated to mere frivolous decoration . . .



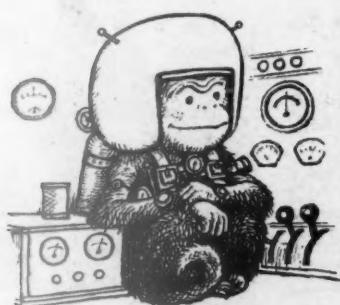
and the noble Shire to a thing of the past;



myxomatosis has produced a new strain of super rabbit . . .



tinned foods have destroyed the feline instinct to hunt;



even monkeys don't seem quite the same any more.



Thank goodness we humans are free to control our own destiny.

Camera Obscurer

By C. OWEN THOMAS

GOOD morning, sir, can I help you?"

"Thank you. I don't know anything about photography; have you a simple camera that I just point at what I want to take and it comes out?"

"I can certainly recommend this Superflexematic Number Three, sir—'Speaks for itself and thinks for you' is the makers' slogan."

"H'm, looks attractive. What do I do? Aim it at you, say, and press the button?"

"Not exactly, sir, even *this* camera isn't as simple as that."

"Tell me all about it then, without complicated technical explanations."

"The first step, sir, is to set this ring to the red pointer here. It is engraved with degrees DIN, A.S.A. and B.S., which indicate the speed of the film. Find the rating from the carton, sir."

"Better show me a carton."

"Here we are, sir. 'Film speeds: Pantifilm meter, thirty-seven degrees; Pantifilm speed group, K; Eastern meter, four hundred'."

"But none of those speeds is marked on the ring. Didn't you say this was simple?"

"Oh, it is, sir; for only two-and-six you can buy this calculator which converts one speed rating to another. While none of them is identical, the comparisons are near enough in your case, sir."

"Are you trying to imply that I am ignorant?"

"Oh no, sir, of course not."

"It sounded very much like it. Let's put the film in the camera."

"If you don't mind, sir, I ought to explain some other features before we actually load the instrument."

"Such as . . . ?"

"Having set the film speed ring, sir, you have to decide whether you want a fast shutter-speed to stop movement or a small aperture to give greater depth."

"Right. Take a hypothetical case; I want to take your picture, there, with that showcard of the bikini-girl behind you, so that it comes out nice and clear."

"Very good, sir; I must come round to your side of the counter."

"What for?"

"I will now focus on the place where I was standing—one point three metres; now on the showcard—h'm, about three point five metres."

"How much does this job cost?"

"A hundred and fifty-five pounds nine-and-ten, sir, including purchase tax and ever-ready case."

"What? Over a hundred and fifty and I have to focus it?"

"I'm afraid so, sir. As I was saying, having measured the distances you look at the two red pointers which indicate the depth of field; now we'd better set the film speed at something high, as there isn't much light in here."

"But suppose I have a *low*-speed film?"

"It would be possible but more difficult, sir."

"But when I first came in I asked you to show me something simple."

"Strangely enough, sir, a simpler camera would make it more difficult to take this hypothetical photograph."

"Huh."

"There, sir, I have set the indicator to a medium film speed, and to cover depth of field we need an aperture of f/16. If we now focus on one point nine metres it is sharp from myself to the showcard."

"Let *me* see; are we ready to take the photo now?"

"Not quite, sir; we still have to select the shutter speed. Look in this window here, and turn this wheel, and when the two pointers coincide then you are ready."

"Thanks, but I have turned the wheel as far as it goes and the needles haven't come together."

"In that case, sir, look at this scale here and read against the green pointer. This camera does *everything* for you. The figure four shows that under these conditions, for this picture, you need four seconds' exposure. That introduces another complication, sir."

"Oh?"

"You can't hold the camera steady for four seconds without shake, sir; either you will have to use a tripod or alternatively a flashlight."

"I don't want to be cluttered with tripods; show me a flash-gun; do they make one for this job?"

"Oh yes, sir. The perfect partner for the Superflexematic Number Three is the Hyperblitzer Two-nought-eight."

"Got one handy?"

"Right here, sir. Screw this bracket on *here* and clip the flash-head *here* and plug *this* lead in *this* socket and set this dial to 'x' and hang this power-pack over your shoulder so-o-o and switch on with this button and when the red light glows you are ready to shoot with this knob. Sorry if the flash startled you, sir."



"You might have warned me!"

"But any moron knows—er, like to try it, sir?"

"Thanks. Why won't it fire again?"

"There's about a ten-second delay, sir; watch for the red light—*now* you're ready!"

"At last I've taken a picture, haven't I?"

"Not exactly, sir; apart from there being no film in the camera, we didn't calculate the exposure for flash."

"That very difficult?"

"Oh no, sir. Look at this table on the reflector, giving guide numbers for various films. Our 'medium speed'

has a guide number of forty-five, and as I was one point three metres from the camera we divide this distance into the guide number, giving us the aperture to be used. Forty-five divided by one point three is thirty-four, and the nearest engraved number is f/32, which is close enough. Unfortunately owing to the inverse square law there would have been too little light on the background, so we choose the next wider aperture, thus ensuring that we are *under-exposed* on the showcard and *over-exposed* in the foreground."

"What did you say?"

"Can I show you a nice line in binoculars, sir?"

picking on *them*. This "voracious" county—as it has unflinchingly been labelled by the Somerset County Council—is also demanding *lebensraum* at the expense of Devon, Hampshire and Wiltshire. Its apologists may claim—with an echo of the arguments for the *Anschluss*—that no frontiers are immutable, that the Local Government Commission (now sitting) is ready and willing to change them, that the citizens on both sides of the border share a common language, not to mention a common interest in the glove industry. It is also true that no treaties exist—as yet—between the two counties, and that Dorset is much smaller than Somerset, while its population has doubled in the last hundred years.

But another, more sinister reason for the general onslaught on Somerset is, I suspect, that the new Western imperialists may be misled by its current status in county cricket. As the President of the Dorset County Cricket Club has coldly pointed out, Somerset stands twelfth in the county championship, and only two of the eleven were born inside the disputed frontiers, while Dorset is top of the minor counties (with, presumably, no aliens in the team). It would be perilous, however, to regard this as clinching evidence that Somerset is the Sick Man of the West. There are clear signs that it is ready to defend its boundaries, even if it can't hit them.

Rumbles of growing resistance may already be heard in Frome and Yeovil, and Dorset's cold war threatens to dissolve such ancient bonds of friendship as the hallowed memory of the Somerset and Dorset Railway. If the Somersetshire Light Infantry is required to protect its homeland, the troops may well ignore the fact that they fought at Sebastopol and the Relief of Ladysmith with the Dorsets, and march into Sherborne. There are wild whispers that local Somerset patriots are considering an embargo on the sale of such neighbouring products as Hardy novels and Wiltshire bacon. The situation is grave. In the shire that sheltered Arthur at Avalon and Alfred in the marshes there are smouldering memories of the *maquis* led by these heroes against the invaders. This is one take-over bid which may actually lead to blows.

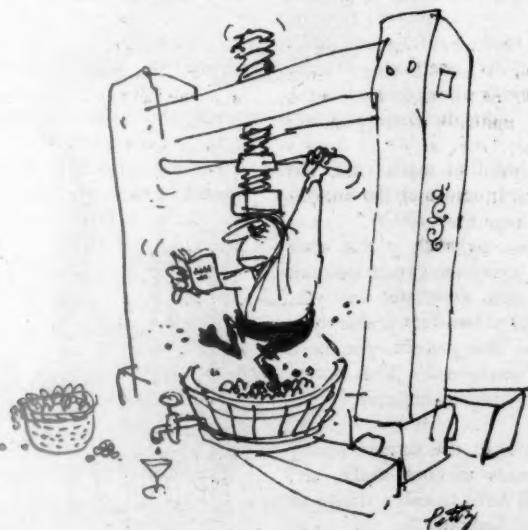
—RICHARD FINDLATER

War in the West

THE last battle on English soil was fought at Sedgemoor in Somerset, and it looks as if that county might be the setting of the next battle, too. Already, as *The Times* reports, "Somerset is fighting to stay whole" against the menacing territorial demands of its neighbours. Wiltshire wants to grab Frome. Dorset is campaigning for the annexation of Yeovil and other areas. Bath and Bristol are both trying to pinch out a salient for

themselves. Nearly a fifth of Somerset's beleaguered people and a million pounds of its rateable value are in prospective danger of expropriation, and the men of Devon, no doubt, will soon be trying to cut off a slice in the general scramble. For "the tussle for territory in the southwest is only just beginning," we are told, and cider-fired border incidents may be expected.

Why do they all pick on Somerset? Partly, I imagine, because Dorset is



The Hairy Id

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

GENGHIS KHAN and Attila the Hun may have committed their disturbances on a larger scale than Henrietta's, but for intensity of rampage there seems to be no record of any antisocial force to equal that of the Scotch terrier puppy that was given to my older daughter on the occasion of her eighth birthday.

I hated that dog.

If there had been a House of Commons Committee on Un-English Attitudes, let alone Activities, I would, I realize, have been found guilty. In England a dog can do no wrong. In the part of London where we live, known now more suitably than ever as The World's End, local public opinion from the beginning was on Henrietta's side, as it is on the side of any creature not human, no matter how repellent its way of life. Henrietta, with the innate perspicacity of her kind, was quick to sense this all-pervasive sympathy and to find it sufficiently strong to withstand my unique animosity.

Henrietta has four legs and a tail and is covered with thick black hair, but being a British dog she naturally has always expected to be treated, up to a point, as human; that is to say, she expects the privileges of an extremely wealthy invalid great-aunt, but none of the restrictions of civilized usage.

Psychoanalysts (from whom only important secrets are hid) have seen fit to trisect the human mind into convenient slices, yet when one gazed hopelessly into the blackness of Henrietta's small, round eyes one perceived that what lay behind them was nothing but id, that part of the psyche, as one authority defines it, that "impulsively seeks satisfaction in accordance with the pleasure principle." Henrietta's pleasure principle may be deduced from a single exemplary maxim: Don't chew up yesterday's newspaper if you can find to-day's. She pursues her pleasures with the sort of zeal and determination that enable beavers to impede rivers in full spate, thus flooding acres of perfectly good farm-land.

Some of Henrietta's extramural pleasures are quite athletic. She enjoys digging, especially in the parts of what Mr. Roy Brooks, the whimsical estate agent, calls a patch of bald mud and we call our garden in which bulbs have been planted. It is not clear whether she digs for digging's sake or because she knows that this unexciting exercise leads inevitably to the exhilaration and hilarity of pursuit and evasion. Her running style, when she is being chased, is as brilliantly erratic and as frequently successful as the three-quarter tactics of the late Prince Alexander Obolensky. It was only when I attached a lead to her collar and attempted to take her for a walk along the Embankment that she feigned paralysis. On a couple of occasions in the early days I made the mistake of trying to impose my will upon her, by dragging her along. It was rather like trying to impose a teacosy upon a volcano. At first she was merely inert, but within seconds there was an eruption of barks that caused passers to shake their heads disapprovingly at me. After that, if I really had to move her from place to place, I always carried her, just as she had intended.

Inside the house, once she had tired of the classic puppy sports of destroying slippers and vases, she took up subtler pastimes, such as upsetting card-tables and chess-boards—always attacking at those rare moments of imminent triumph when I was about to meld or whatever or even to mate. She surveyed her surroundings so carefully up to the moment of each atrocity that she never failed immediately afterwards to attain an impenetrable sanctuary under some heavy piece of furniture while I, maddened by two-fold frustration, screamed vain threats about the Battersea dogs' home.

My wife and children have always preserved her. No other animal has ever been curried, massaged, anointed, fondled and beribboned with more devotion. And the food! My wife is ashamed to refuse the scraps of offal



"What you've got to guard against, my boy, is getting a mother fixation"

that the butcher generously supplies free for the dog, but she would not dare to put them in Henrietta's bowl. There was enough trouble the time that Henrietta was accidentally given my rumpsteak instead of her usual tournedos.

Whenever her behaviour is particularly monstrous her innumerable defenders excuse her by pointing out that she is highly strung because she is so aristocratic. It is true that there is a lot of the red ink of championship in her pedigree, but though the Kennel Club may be able to take this sort of document seriously, I find it difficult to tolerate a mixture of superciliousness and boorishness from anybody whose great-great-great-grandsire was called Westpark Bubblin O'er. When Henrietta refused to have anything to do with Crufts, etc., on the ground that to display herself would have been to indulge in vulgar exhibitionism, I wondered whether it was not really because she knew that though she could hoodwink people other dogs would not tolerate her for a minute.

I would like to conclude by telling how Henrietta vindicated herself at last by saving a baby from drowning or sounding the alarm when our house caught fire. I wish I could. But she did no such thing. I cannot tell a lie. I hate her still.

coming shortly

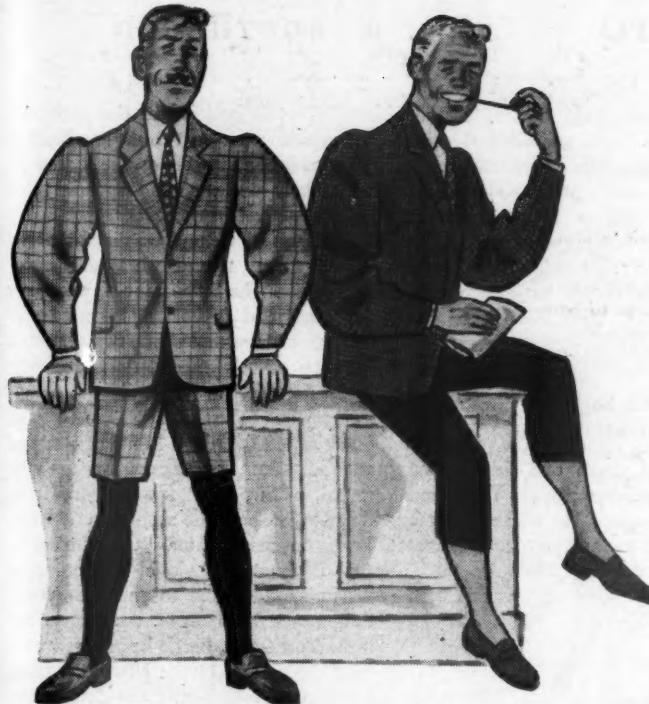


Congratulations to Hardy Amies for his raglan-sleeved dinner jacket (illustrated). With its slant pockets, short lapels, four-button front, very half-collar, and silhouette like a sawn-off wrestler, it makes at least a modest attempt to introduce something new into the masculine wardrobe. But is it enough? Another, lesser-known designer, Basil Bouvierie, has brought out a considerably more imaginative collection. "It had to come," told our representative at a secret preview. "As long as men's clothes remain bogged down in styles deriving from what their grandfathers wore, it is virtually impossible for designers to get into the big money. It is not necessary to be extreme. Dramatic juxtapositions will often do the trick, as in my new dress suit with plus-four trousers: once this catches on, Britain's antiquated evening wear will finally be surrendered to the mists and the cash will roll in."



Bouvierie's new "Tailfours." The coat largely follows conventional design, but for the man who isn't sure whether his collar and tie are in fashion this week the lapels will cross-button to hide them. Despite the fullness of the knickerbocker an agreeable hint of Court dress comes through, while the golfing-note is echoed in the stout brogue-type shoes (in fact in lightweight patent leather and ideal for dancing on an over-prepared floor). Stocking tassels in aluminium thread may be added.

For the beach? Bouvierie's "High man." Just the thing for the chill, dip moments, a tiered shoulder-cap of multicoloured towelling. Note also the gaily cross-gartered sandals.



◀ Interplay of formal and informal styles may again be seen in the City suits shown here. Apart from the leg-of-mutton sleeves the coats reveal nothing startling; they are worn, however, with (L) Bermuda shorts and (R) three-quarter length, calf-tight slacks. The long black stockings? "Not obligatory," says Bouverie. Slacks will come in candy-stripes and a variety of pastel shades. "In time, who knows? we may educate them into different-coloured legs."

In Bouverie's view, the popularity of men's hats will continue to decline until something quite new is put on the market. "But what is 'new'?" The three models shown are delightfully derivative. (a) A "Yeoman" bowler. (b) A brimless trilby, with embroidered band. (c) The "Prinny."



High
e chill,
lder-ca
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A long-overdue trend towards brighter vests is heralded here. The sleeveless jacket in "Old Gattwick" horse-blanket allows the display of wrist-length undervest in lemon, crimson or other striking shades. It is figure-hugging and reaches only to the waist, posing pocket problems. Bouverie suggests an adaptation of the ubiquitous brief-case, to hang from the shoulder by a broad, virile thong. No shirt, therefore no collar and tie, but beads may be worn. Says Bouverie: "To charges of effeminacy I would retort 'What about Henry VIII?'"



◀ "It is my belief," said Bouverie, as our representative took leave of him, "that the haute couture is as much entitled as are the rest of the arts to administer continuous shock therapy to the public taste. My next men's collection, which I hope you will come and see, will include a range of tweed shooting nightshirts, trousers with one leg, and swimwear based loosely on the Victorian frock-coat. If that doesn't keep me in limousines and gossip paragraphs I'll eat my hat, which, you may notice, is in drip-dry Bouverene, and has bootlaces in it like a bishop's."

An Unknown Hero

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

WHEN I worked in a bank in a small town in Lincolnshire I had a desk in a bow window overlooking the market square, and if this sounds like an opening sentence from an early Hemingway it's the merest coincidence. I was then much under the influence of Bertie Weaver, a fellow-clerk of venerable seniority and volatile imagination. I suppose Bertie must have been all of twenty-six at that time. His hatred of the bank was profound but passive, and he kept his own savings under a loose wood-block in the floor of his front hall. His ledgers were a constant source of admiration to me, with ink-bLOTS stuck over with stamp-edging and scurrilous comments written under customers' names in the lightest of pencil, invisible to fading old

managerial eyes. He had a face all bumps, and a mad, gap-toothed grin. During his rare spells on the counter—it was the manager's policy to keep him behind frosted glass if possible—his extravagant bonhomie and unpredictable small talk often made lady clients recoil in alarm. They would have been even more alarmed if they had heard his fantasies about their private lives.

But his most successful fantasy wasn't about a customer at all, but about an unknown old man whom we occasionally saw from the window slowly moving down one side or the other of the market place. We called him The Swinger. He walked with a heavy list, and the arm on that side was the arm that swung. He wore thick, dark-blue clothes and a small cap with

a shiny peak, and it was this costume, I suppose, that lent him, in Bertie's imagination, a past life on the high seas, very likely whaling, and spending his golden harvest in the dark, spice-heavy back alleys of a hundred distant ports, whose actual names we could never think of. His appearances were not frequent, and it became a matter of honour with us that if one of us spotted him the other's attention must unfailingly be drawn, even if it meant interrupting the manager in a disquisition on overdraft limits or stopped cheques. Some excuse could usually be found. "Sir, sir!" I would cry from the window, and he would come over, Bertie hot behind him. "Oh, I'm sorry, sir, I thought Colonel Waters was waving and wished to speak to you." Sometimes the manager was angry, but it didn't matter. Bertie had shared with me the last flap of the Mariner's coat-tail as it bellied round the post office, or up the Bull yard, and we would exchange a secret, celebratory look. "It's the arm that catches the wind," Bertie would say. "Swings 'im. Responsive to every gust." We craned for a last glimpse. "See how it turned him, then? Just a light zephyr, blew down out of Grantham Street, and he swi-i-ings round . . . there he goes . . ." And the spume and roar of unseen oceans would die, and our landlocked world of credit-slips and premium renewal receipts close in once more.

The Swinger dominated my banking life for half a winter and half a spring. It seemed a long time then; the difference between shaving twice a week and—from the first of March, as I remember—every other day. Looking back, I doubt if Bertie's life was so deeply influenced. As the creator of the fantasy he could retain a touch of detachment; but the thing washed over me mast-high. Sometimes he would confide to me, as we called over the day's entries, a feeling that the Swinger had passed and we had missed him. "It's the day for him, boy. Cobb's awning was flappin' smartly all morning. Stiff breeze. Oh, he was sailing to-day, all right, I know it." "E. H. W. Fordingley, debit three-eighteen-nine," I would reply, saddened—"do you





"Can't rely on these damn apprentices now."

really think so, Bertie?" "Three-eighteen-six, it's a bad figure . . . Sure of it, boy, there's the smell of his stern-sheets . . ." Sometimes we would even go to the window and take a look at the course the Swinger had sailed, leaving no trace.

Our great mistake was to tell Sid Parker, a mutual friend in the door-to-door insurance business. It was odd that, having tacitly agreed not to share the briny dream with the rest of the staff, clodish men intensely serious about keeping their cash balanced and seeing that the nibs were fresh in the counter-pens, we took Parker into our confidence. It happened during our monthly pay-day visit to the pub, and simply because, I suppose, Parker played in a dance-band on his leisure evenings and seemed a not impossible repository for a romantic confidence. It was Bertie who blew the gaff, yielding

to an innate sense of drama, an instinct to surprise and intrigue. He put down his beer, hunched his right shoulder and allowed his arm to hang loosely, swinging barely imperceptibly. It was a secret signal between us when office circumstances made a verbal alert out of the question. And he said to Sid, "Saw the Swinger to-day." "The what?" said Sid. He was a blond, clean-cut young man, with hair parted dead centre and sharp, smart, single-breasted suits. Bertie used to say that Sid looked as if he prepared for the day by standing in the jet of a fire-hose.

Slowly we told him, and his reaction was disastrous. "You mean old Stinky Watkins," he said. It seemed that Sid called on our hero once a week to collect a small sum, and knew him as a lifelong resident of the town, now retired, but for years a servant of the Rural District Council as a worker on

what was locally known as the night-soil cart.

I was terribly upset, and even now can feel the keenness of that evening. Shortly afterwards I was moved to another branch, and in time I forgot. It was two or three years later, when I was sorting the morning clearing at my new branch, that I came across a cheque cross-stamped with the name of my old one. It stirred me to mild reminiscence. It might well, I thought, have passed through Bertie's hands. I turned it over to check the endorsement, and there was a picture of an arm on the back, not well drawn, but clearly swinging. There was a light pencil note. "Saw him to-day, B."

It didn't move me as it should. It had already occurred to me, thinking the incident over periodically, that Bertie had known the awful truth all the time.



"He can't bear to think of them getting into trouble for not raising the alarm."

Cracowes are Back

By PETER DICKINSON

Observers in Oxford Street have suddenly noticed that half the younger working girls are wearing "Rumpelstiltskin" shoes

THE toe of the Rumpelstiltskin shoe extends three or four inches beyond that of the foot of the wearer. Flip-flap they go along the pavements, six guineas a go and specially made by shops down Islington way. The wearers cannot give a better reason for this extraordinary rush of inches to the foot than that everyone else is wearing them.

Most men, I am afraid, are going to welcome them as a change from stiletto heels. Considerable public hostility has been building up against stiletto heels lately. Gentlemen who have had their metatarsals punctured during the rush hour have been vocal. Mr. Herbert Eisner of Buxton has complained in the *Guardian* that a

ten-stone woman teetering on one heel is exerting more pressure per square inch on the ground beneath her than an outsize elephant; and that when she swings round her heel acts with the same force as a heavy power drill of the type used for quarrying. Aircraft manufacturers are also in trouble, because they have not yet found a flooring material tough enough to stop a stiletto heel from going clean through it and the aluminium beneath it, so that half the pressure in the cabin goes hissing out to waste itself among the trunks in the baggage hold. Dutch airlines, presumably, could train little boys to plug this sort of breach with chubby fingers, but the rest of them haven't the traditions.

These are legitimate complaints. The stiletto heel certainly is a nuisance, but it has its uses; you can open beer cans with it, and ward off cosh boys, and though few of us have had occasion to employ our wives as heavy power drills of the type used for quarrying, that is not to say that the time may not come. Stiletto heels are something we have learnt to live with.

The same cannot be said of Rumpelstiltskins. Not once, but twice, in our rough island story have we failed to live with long-toed shoes. The first time was in the reign of Stephen, when there was a sudden craze for them which, according to my authorities, "excited the wrath of monastic historians." Admittedly monastic historians are an

excitable lot; it is a mistake to think of them pacing peacefully and up down their cool, flagged libraries while they waited for the scribe to finish illuminating an H and thought calmly about what letter to put next. They have always tended to lash out.* But Stephen's reign was marked "by constant civil war and anarchy," quite enough to keep even a monastic historian busy. Yet, amid all this turmoil, they chose to become enraged by the idea of noblemen engaged in the relatively harmless exercise of stuffing the toes of their shoes with hay or moss and curling them to look like ram's horns. Exaggerated footwear must have been more of a menace than we imagine.

This is borne out by the second craze, a bare three hundred and forty years later. Times were quieter then, but not much; Richard III, for instance, was getting his start, and hardly anyone seems to have noticed. This second bout was even more severe. It started in Poland, but in no time, all over England ". . . the men wore shoes with a point before, half a foot long; the richer and more eminent wore them a foot long, and princes two feet,

which was the most ridiculous thing that ever was seen." By this time, apparently, the example of Gildas was wearing off and monastic historians, worn out with centuries of rage, could not rise above ridicule. But evidently the effect on society as a whole was disastrous, for in the third year of Edward IV's reign the full majesty of what law there was had to be invoked. From that date, by statute, a person was prohibited from wearing poleyns having cracowes more than two inches long if he were under the state of a lord. After that, naturally, the fashion fell into disrepute, and by 1480 bun-shaped shoes, with the leather slashed to show the lining, were the latest thing.

It is not clear why this apparently trivial and harmless fashion provoked such drastic action, but we can be fairly sure that whatever happened then will happen again. My guess is that the effect is psychological; that the constant lippety-loppity of four inches of empty footwear up and down the office passages, the cries and crashes of secretaries trying to carry tea-trays

upstairs backwards, the strain of having to decide whether to apologize for standing on a woman's toe when one knows quite well that the brunt of one's weight has been borne by nothing but a handful of moss or hay, the extra milage of shoe-cleaning to be done each morning, the special problems involved in a quick waltz, the chaos on escalators—all these are going to prey on the public mind until we start dreaming of nothing but enormously long empty shoes scuffling ceaselessly round our minds and go off and stand in long, twitching queues outside the psychiatrists.

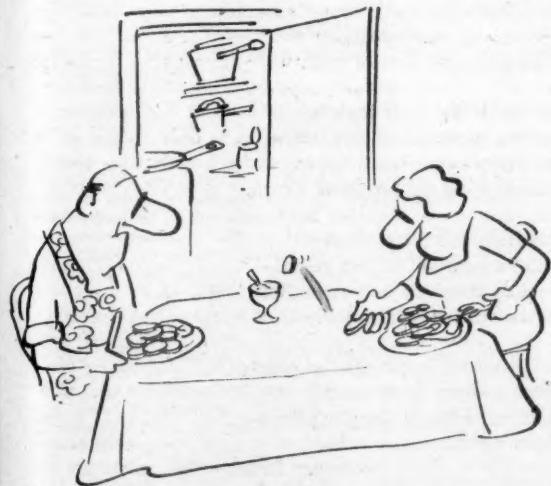
I won't be there. Before it comes to that I'm going to retire to a monastery. I feel like writing some history.



Man in Apron

by

Larry.





For Charity's Sake

THANK goodness, they're going to clear up this Mortmain and Cy-près business—Mortmain is discarded and Cy-près is relaxed."

This snatch of conversation overheard in the train misled me at first into thinking that some celebrated double act had broken up and that the Cy-près half, none too satisfied with her rather ham partner, was not sorry. But I soon realized that my fellow-travellers were discussing the Charities Bill, introduced in the House of Lords last week by the Lord Chancellor. This provides for the central registration of charities and aims to clear up a whole tangle of legislation so as to make it easier to use money left for charity in a sensible way, especially when the objects of the original donor are no longer applicable now that we have the Welfare State.

Mortmain—dead! and I never called him Morters—is a very old friend. The Statute of Mortmain was enacted by Edward I in 1279 to curtail the increase of property in the hands of ecclesiastical corporations. Mortmain, the dead hand, is the state of property belonging to a corporation which can never part with it again. It has taken a good many centuries to get rid of, but haste in these matters is ill-advised; the Government's new charity bill is based on

recommendations of the Nathan Committee, appointed ten years ago.

Cy-près is a very different kettle of fish. It means in effect the next best thing. The idea is that when money has been settled on a particular object, or to be handled in a particular way, and this object no longer exists or this way is no longer practicable, the money can be

used as closely as possible to the intention.

What we are all hoping is that a lot of money now lying around, as useful as the gold in Fort Knox, tied up because it can't be spent, will be set free and that trustees will be rid of their feudal restrictions on land ownership (see under Mortmain above). How complicated the whole thing is can be judged from the fact that in the past there has been no statutory definition of a charity, though a good many of them are set out in that mushroom parvenu the Statute of Charitable Uses, 1601. All this, by the way, is for English and Welsh readers only; the new bill will not apply to the Scotch who have their own views about charity. These new golden hopes are comforting to some of us whose great-great-grandfathers may have been Charity School boys, for they came up the hard way. The schools were founded "to condition the children for their primary duty in life as hewers of wood and drawers of water." Those poor, faraway orphans had never hewed it so good.

— LESLIE MARSH



"FIFTEEN SAID HELLO

The most celebrated American undergraduate at Oxford is Pete Dawkins, the West Point cadet who played Rugby for the University in his first term . . .

Sunday Times

Who dropped out?

How Cheerfully the Litter

I LOVE to see the woods and thickets,
Once loud with Pan's superfluous flute,
All carpeted with railway-tickets
And dried integuments of fruit.

I love to watch the water lapping
Not on the hard and echoing stone
But on a dainty sandwich-wrapping
By chance along the foreshore blown.

How cheerfully the litter mottles
The dull expanse of lifeless green!
How brightly shine the broken bottles
Upon the tedious rural scene!

And here, where Pan indulged in capers
To some antique, erotic mode,
The scattered sheets of Sunday papers
Proclaim a purer moral code.

— R. P. LISTER

Toby Competitions

No. 101—Movable Feasts

EASTER is coming—and so are all the old arguments about the convenience of making its date a permanent fixture. Amend the existing schedule of Bank Holidays, suggesting four (or more, or less) public holidays to mark occasions not as yet celebrated.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, February 26, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 101, *Punch*, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 98

(*Moonshine*)

An advertisement urging the reader to take a trip to the moon was the target. The numerous entries made judging difficult; those suggesting that earthly pleasures would be available were eliminated in favour of those which concentrated on the originality of moon attractions. The prize is awarded to

G. E. HARVEY

19 FRANKLYN AVENUE

CREWE

CHESHIRE

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Have your kids missed the "A" stream? Has the wife's mother spotted your hide-out between the potting shed and the hamster hutch? Has your bathroom been turned into a drip-dry laundry? Are your feet killing you? If you can answer "Yes" to any of these questions, you are a "natural" for our great adventure into space. Our super space rocket "ESCAPE" is ready for launching. Be among the first men in the moon. Be a pioneer. Be a sport. Be an angel. No petty restrictions. No pink zone. No eleven plus. No supermarket. No back answers. No air-conditioning. No air. Book now for 1980. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT.

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HERE TO-DAY—MOON TO-MORROW!

MILKY SPACEWAYS announce the first 24-hour dawn-to-dawn Earth-Moon Service:

—stopping at Half-way Moonlet for dinner
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During your ten-day visit to the Moon you will enjoy 240 hours sunshine (day and night) . . . the exhilaration of weighing only twenty to thirty pounds and wearing "seven-league boots" . . . the scenic splendour of the silent lunar landscape . . . a "ring around the moon in 80 minutes" trip . . . Write now for details of "Not Once In A Blue Moon but TWICE A WEEK" service. Special rates for Honey-moon trips, April to June, and Harvest Moon trips in September.

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Come to the MOONSHINE Holiday Camp. It is so romantic in the "pale moonlight."

Travel is by Super-Jet Missile Gondolas. No cramped hard seats, just rest in a vacuum until you get there.

Take your holiday at ANY time of the year. You will not have to worry about the weather. There is No weather on the Moon.

It is so CHEAP on the Moon. There are no fares to pay, no motor transport is required, because there are no tiresome laws of gravity to be observed. You and your family just FLOAT everywhere.

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OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD TOURS

Proudly Announce the Opening of their MOONTEL on the Shores of the Sea of Serenity.

You'll just love Lunar Travel by the new

SUPER-ULTRA-PLUSNIK . . . The Jack Robinson Space Express . . . gets you there almost before you can say it . . . AND BRINGS YOU BACK. And all in inconceivable comfort. Fully licenced.

Don't bother about clothes.

Every client completely dressed by our unique Lunar Sartorial Service. Dior-designed Space Ensemble for Ladies. The so-right Moonwear for Men. Positively NO goldfish bowls.

Ours is the Rocket for your Pocket. Break fresh ground and get a new point of view. See the Earth's Troubles in Proper Perspective. Don't Cry for the Moon . . . Join our Tour.

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In your flights of fancy you have often yearned for a holiday that's different. Now is your chance.

Each Friday (weather permitting) the luxurious rocket-ship "Lady Selena" (Cosmic class) takes off for a non-stop flight to the Moon. First tourist and economy class accommodation available.

The many attractions which you may enjoy include: Dancing in the famous Cat and Fiddle Club to the music of the Hi-Diddle-Diddles playing their latest hits "Rock Around the Moon" and "Cool for Cats"; Rodeos daily; see the exciting cow-jumping contests.

The "Lady Selena" is fitted with wireless; telegrams should be prefaced (no extra charge) "Via Jodrell Bank."

For prices, seating plans, etc., apply, Space Travel Limited, Half Moon Street, W.1.

R. E. Ansell, 22 Sharman's Cross Road, Solihull, Warwick.

THEN AS NOW

Many readers came to believe that Gorgius Midas and Du Maurier's other creations actually existed.



THE ANTI-SEMITIC MOVEMENT.

Brown (M.P. for Bloomsbury). "WHAT A SHAME, THIS PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN BERLIN!"

Sir Gorgius Midas (flaming up). "'SHAME?' SERVE 'EM RIGHT, I SAY! THEY'RE ALL VERY WELL SO LONG AS THEY'RE KEP' UNDER, THEM 'EBREWS ARE; BUT JUST YOU LET 'EM GET THE UPPER 'AND, THAT'S ALL!—AND THEIR HIGGONANCE, THEIR HOSTENTATION, AND THE HAIRS THEY GIVE THEMSELVES KNOWS NO BOUNDS!"

Baron von Meyer (who flatters himself, on the strength of his personal appearance, that no one can suspect his origin). "HEAR! HEAR! SIR CORCHUS! YOU NEFFER SHBOKE A DRUER VORT ZAN ZAT!"

January 29 1881

In the City

On Tyred Wheels

WITH all this talk of paralysis in one method of transport, let us turn our thoughts to another form of locomotion—motoring. This also can lead to paralysis but it is the immobility of congestion and not of the empty, deserted tracks.

It would be difficult in the whole history of British industry to find an example of dynamic growth to equal that of the motor industry during the past year. In 1959 it produced a record of 1,190,000 cars which was about 140,000 more than in 1958, the previous record. According to the estimates this is to be followed by a total of about 1,220,000 in 1960. The car industry's estimates of production have been uncannily correct in the past years, as the steel manufacturers will testify.

The most remarkable aspect of the industry's performance has been its ability to find overseas markets for very nearly one half of its output. In 1959 the ratio was just on 50 per cent, 569,000 cars being exported out of the output of 1,190,000. There is the hint of a threat here. The United States have just announced that Britain last year led the world in selling her cars on the American market. No fewer than 210,494 British cars went to that country, or nearly half our total exports. American manufacturers this year are at last waking up to the fact of European competition and are making what are known over there as "compact" cars. This is the sincerest form of flattery to British and other European manufacturers; but it has its element of danger for the European industry which has put so many of its eggs in the dollar basket.

Undaunted by this or by the rate of its recent growth, the British industry is now preparing to set up new records in 1960. It has vast plans for expansion. Most of them have a common character of dispersal. The industry is on the move. In its expansion it is leaving the over employed Midlands and Home Counties and it is going to the North-east coast, to Scotland and Wales where labour is rather more plentiful than it is in Birmingham, Coventry and Dagenham. In achieving this migration, the prodigal finger of the Government has been working overtime.



The British Motor Corporation is to transfer its production of tractors and heavy lorries to Scotland. Fords are to spend no less than £25 million on new plant which is to go up on Merseyside where up to 200,000 cars a year are to be produced, a figure which compares with the 320,000 cars which rolled off the Dagenham plant last year.

Rootes have named Linwood, near Paisley, as the site of their new plant. Standard-Triumph International is to concentrate its future developments on Merseyside where it will locate the major part of its £18 million expansion scheme. Steel for the Merseyside plants will come from the John Summers

plant. In due course, the new Colville mill in Scotland will produce all the sheet steel required by the motor-car and other light engineering industry which will be going north of the border.

All these companies are bent on expansion and on making Mr. Marples's life a misery. Good luck to them!

Investors have, perhaps, been too blinded by these glossy motor-car figures to appreciate the even more dynamic performance put up by the solid, unromantic lorries and buses made in this country. The output of commercial vehicles was over 370,000 last year compared with 312,000 in 1958. Of the latest total about one-third was exported. In this industry one name stands out. It is Leylands whose business is now world-wide and whose lorries and buses will, to put it mildly, defy comparison with any produced anywhere else in the world.

— LOMBARD LANE

In the Country

Social Life

THERE'S an element of Grace Darling about going out to dinner in the country in midwinter, specially in the flood season. There are seldom fewer than four gates to get out and open and get in again and drive through and get out again and shut. And the tireless efforts of *Vogue* seem to have been unable to stampede us out of our determination to wear long dresses for the simplest evening occasion. But it's infinitely cosy when you get there, and no one enjoys the feast of reason and the flow of soul more than I do.

Before dinner we talk about the death-watch beetle. During dinner we talk about silage. Then there's a tiny pause while the girls powder their noses and talk about auriculas, is pig manure too rich for them or not? Then we all foregather and talk for another two and a half hours in perfect amity and unison about the South Mudshire Herd Book, how shaky it is. Our flesh creeps with dark tales of fudged milk records and new-born calves secretly swapped by moonlight. Then we swim or slide home again. The whole evening is as merry as a marriage bell, and with luck there'll be someone there who'll say "John Osborne? Would he be a younger

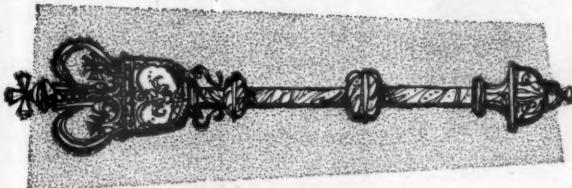
brother of that fellow Tim Osborne in the Fusilier Brigade?"

But one night this autumn the Devil entered in, and in a moment's lull at dinner I told my neighbour that my brother had voted Labour in the General Election. There was a sort of paralysed hush. People way down the table laid down their knives and forks and allowed the woodcock to congeal upon their plates. Others looked unswervingly ahead, slowly turning the stems of their wineglasses between nervous fingers, or pausing with the braised celery half-way to their lips. "Your brother?" my host faltered. "Yes," I said (the Martinis had been on the strong side). "My full blood-brother, same father, same mother, he voted for Mr. Gaitskell." Uneasily my left-hand neighbour started on an anecdote about a Friesian heifer and an electric fence. My host looked at me with kindly sympathy. Something a bit shaky about her herd book, he thought.

When you come to London it's surprising how ignorant everyone is. They seem to live right out of the world. I suppose very few of them would know their way around the South Mudshire Herd Book, and not one in ten would recognize a death-watch beetle if they met one face to face.

— PENELOPE HUNT

Essence



of Parliament

THOUGH everybody says that Parliament ought to be improved, people are not so fertile when it comes to concrete suggestions for improvement. Monday's debate on procedure was disappointing for everybody except perhaps for Mr. Butler. The day's best

A Humorous Butler remark was that of Mr. Grimond that the

House usually does its best work when it is slightly out of order. We are a law-abiding people and notoriously the most effective way to bring all our great enterprises to a standstill is to obey all the regulations and work to rule. Westminster is no exception. Of this Mr. Butler is well aware. Mr. Shinwell complained bitterly of Mr. Butler's "peculiar sense of humour, sometimes sardonic, sometimes a trifle morbid," and with some reason. For Mr. Butler excelled himself in impishness, proclaiming that the business of Parliament was to provide an arena for the struggle for power and then carefully turning down all the suggestions that might possibly make it so. In this crisis of our civilization Mr. Butler as his great constructive concession was prepared to agree that the Prime Minister's questions should begin at No. 40 instead of at No. 45 for an experimental period until Easter and that a private Member should be limited to two instead of three questions a day. Could enthusiastic reformer reasonably demand more than that? By comparison Mr. Shinwell's suggestion that other Privy Councillors than himself should not be called so frequently appeared positively constructive.

Mr. Lloyd was angry and rattled on Tuesday about Cyprus. Perhaps some of the Opposition questioners were not much better. But it was Mr. Yates from the Government back bench who set the ball rolling, or perhaps

An Angry Lloyd set the top humming. Mr. Lloyd's explanation of the claim for a larger area for the bases, that "We want to put in military installations, many of them secret," was not very diplomatic, and the argument that we needed the larger area in order to fulfil our obligations to Turkey under the Bagdad Pact peculiar in view of the fact that Turks were clamouring for the smaller area. When Mr. Denis Healey got leave to adjourn the House it looked as if there might be a real row. However, in three hours tempers had cooled. The Opposition was in responsible mood, and the Minister of Defence, even if he found little else to defend, was at least able gallantly to defend the Foreign Secretary. All passed off quietly.

"I am not God," very sensibly and modestly answered Mr. Henry Brooke to Mr. Awbery's complaint to him about

the weather, and it was in something of the same mood that **An Academic Healey** Members for two days on foreign affairs bewailed complications of the international situation which they could do very little

about. It was mainly on Germany and disarmament, and at least it turned things the other way round to what they had been on the previous day about Cyprus. This time it was Mr. Lloyd's good day. He made the best speech that he had made for some time, and though no one doubted the sincerity of his expression of sincere regret for Mr. Bevan's absence, yet most certainly that absence gave him an easier ride than would otherwise have been the case. For Mr. Healey, though he has had greatness thrust upon him, is as yet neither a Bevin nor a Bevan in stature. Indeed, when they have finished about exported horses somebody ought to form a society for the rescue of Mr. Healey. He is both one of the ablest and one of the most likeable Members of the House. Whether one agrees or disagrees, what he has to say is always very well worth saying. Before he entered the House he did invaluable work as a back-room boy and as a provider of speeches for others. But he has not got the manner of a Parliamentarian. He lectures the House like a lumbering don trying to pass himself off as a cart-horse, and the result is disastrous. His major argument was that we could not afford merely to let things drift. If we did that they would get more dangerous, and this, whether valid as a criticism of the Government or not, was in itself clearly an important and true point. It was not the matter to which anyone could object—but, oh, the monotony of the manner. Indeed just as Mrs. Thatcher had stolen the show with her maiden speech on Friday, so it was another maiden, Dr. Thompson of Dunfermline, who made himself by his sheer ability Labour's main speaker in this debate.

In general the two days' debate did not perhaps get us very much farther. The various points of view are tolerably familiar. Few converts are made by the repetition of them.

The Affable Heath Right as it is that back-benchers should have their say, yet it cannot be denied that the main interest in these debates is to discover whether Ministers have any information to give, and if—for good reason or bad—they have none then the debates languish. This was a Godot piece. All the Members were obviously waiting for something else—for the return of the Prime Minister or for news from the railhead. It was indeed a testing week for Mr. Heath, but his test was not in Parliament. Yet so far as he had a part to play there, he played it sensibly and well. Mr. Robens was helpful and so was Mr. Gaitskell—in particular in his firm smacking down of Mr. Shinwell's suggestion that the House should take an opportunity of expressing its opinion. "If there is a different situation," promised Mr. Butler, "we will consider the situation."

— PERCY SOMERSET



Misplaced Persons

THE land where it was always afternoon
Sounds to this sleepy household much like heaven.
For us it seems, whose mornings come too soon,
A land where it is always half-past seven.

— T. R. JOHNSON



Graduate Grannies

ABOUT now the first large batches of university-trained grandmothers are arriving on the scene, many of them anxious to take up again the brilliant careers they forewent for marriage and maternity. That they could, and should, make a valuable contribution to the nation's life is obvious. But an ambitious Granny must watch out lest grandmotherly obligations catch up on her, enmeshing her once more in the toils of family life.

For a Granny, *qua* Granny, is much in demand in most families. The more menial aspects of motherhood are spared her, it's true (though I have met Grannies with a peculiar nostalgia for these, aching to subject their grandchildren to the indignities they can no longer inflict on their children). But her intellectual responsibilities may be all the greater, and she may, besides, have three or four families to cater for instead of one. The presence, in each, of a rival Other Granny is not always a help. Co-Grannies are often, for some reason, of opposite types, and the contingency of a scientific Granny on one side and a humanistic one on the other, may cause confusion and over-stimulation in the home.

A Granny's practical uses are manifold. If a little stranger is expected in any of her families, Granny goes (unless the Other Granny gets there first) to look after son, or son-in-law, and all the little familiars, while Mother is away. And, incidentally, her inevitable doubled role of mother-in-law in several different homes is an added tax on a Granny's strength and intelligence.

At Christmas and in the summer holidays (and the fuss over these two seasons, separated only by the Sales, takes up most of the year nowadays) Granny will be booked as hostess for visits to the pantomime, Zoo, Isle of Wight and, if her principles allow it, Peter Pan, and her house pre-empted for large-scale parking operations.

In the intervals there will be her school work. Graduates' offspring tend to get themselves far-flung on embassies, business, missions to the under-developed, etc., and the school children have to commute from foreign parts. Granny's job is to catch them off school trains three times a year, fling them off to places like Istanbul and Buenos Aires per air-hostess, and catch them again and pass them back to school, like a sort of global netball, four or eight weeks later. The major business of school sweets and jam, and the minor details of clothes-lists and luggage-in-advance also fall to her lot.

Then, not to be forgotten in the

excitement, is the little matter of Grandpa—now, presumably, at the grandest stage in his career and requiring, daily, the clean stiff collars and properly creased trousers appropriate to his status. Granny must never flag in her task of feeding, listening to and gracing the home of the Man in her Life. Not to mention reconciling him to the frequent recurrence (when he had thought it was all over) of things that go bawl in the night, and the thunder of tiny feet on the stairs.

There can, of course, be no question of settling comfortably opposite him in a chair by the fire, greying hair, tell-tale bulges, knitting and all, waiting for the little ones to gather round her knee for their fairy stories. No, while they are gathering round the telly for their Westerns, she should really be getting on with her slimming exercises, applying her colour rinses, and massaging her facial contours in order to stay her loveliest for him.

One way and another, let's face it, Granny's career isn't going to be all *that* easy to fit in, though an energetic Granny could doubtless take all in her stride. Part-time work of an intense but spasmodic nature, from which she can rush away at a moment's notice in case of emergency in any of her families, would suit her admirably, and employers should be encouraged to provide this. But she must hurry—hurry—lest she find herself a graduate great-granny, or even a graduate gerontological case, before she gets around to it.

— FRANCES KOENIG

“For Two Ladies”

IT seemed sensible to both of us, two widows with meagre incomes, when we decided to share accommodation.

But after many weeks copying advertisements on bits of paper from notice-boards and viewing this and that, we decided in despair to forget the idea and search for separate single bed-sitters. Then a final glance at the local newspaper led us to “Two well-furnished rooms with kitchenette, 4½ guineas, for two ladies. 'Phone So-and-so.”

We had both become cynical but we forced ourselves to view. We found there **WERE** two rooms; they **WERE** well-furnished; attractive pale-blue **PLAIN** walls, and splendid easy-running curtains; with use of 'phone and an extension just outside the flatlet door; the kitchenette was adequate.

How could we decide which of us should have the fine large room with bay window overlooking the avenue of trees (but, alas, with kitchenette and door to lobby and landing leading out

of it) and which of us should have the very small room, cosy and definitely "a room of one's own" (but with access to kitchenette, bathroom, vital convenience and front door through the large room, and with a small window overlooked by a high brick wall claustrophobically close)?

Such decisions cannot be worked out scientifically, so we tossed. Geraldine had the large room, I had the small.

Since that memorable day we have learned a lot about each other. What I mean is . . . Well, two weeks after we had moved in her said her never realized until now that I was nothing less than a dictator.

Did you notice? Geraldine to me has now become "her." Not even "she," but "her." Don't ask me why.

I have a full-time job; her is against that sort of recession and is writing a novel, freezing most of the day due to the excessive demands of the gas meter and a cold heart, and chain-smoking most of the night ("I can smell that cancerous cigarette smoke in here!" I have to call out at 3 a.m.). Her doesn't seem to care what her eats and I do. ("You're using all the gas, cooking that chop and vegetables! Why don't you have cheese?") My reply on such occasions, please excuse.

At night when I come back, often affable and with a friendly comment on my lips, it's "Hush!" Her is in the throes of composition or listening to a professor on the Third talking about liturgical reform in the twelfth century.

All the same, two months after our arrival still found us together.

Not that our relationship became strained, for we began to see as little of each other as possible. Like dear old Box and Cox, when I was out her was in, and vice versa. Once tolerant and kindly, I became vulgar in my speech and, I admit it, cantankerous. Her—not so long ago an amusing and intelligent woman (M.A. and all that) yet of the bohemian type—became curiously suburban. ("Don't walk across my nice carpet in your blankety-blank muddy shoes!")

Quiet flows the Don. Time flies. We've been here six months now, two ladies sharing. Well, we *do* share now, after a fashion. But did I say ladies?

Her and me, we're no ladies, neither of us, no more.

— DAPHNE MOTTERAM

I Do Like Reading

SINCE the day I discovered the Story of Dr. Crippen, in Pictures, round the fish, I have never looked back. Give me the glossiest glossy and I mightn't glance at it. Give me the Stock Exchange round the runner beans and I'll guzzle every word.

It isn't just wrappings on fish and veg. It's the bonfire, too. The bonfire's guttered out, and I'm still only half-way through the £5,000 Midland Bank Grab and I've got to settle down to Missing Heiress: New Moves. I crouch on the kitchen floor, when Mrs. Sims has washed it, absolutely absorbed by New Foursomes Hopes and somebody's half-finished crossword. As for Major Grimsby's Tips for last Saturday's 3.30, it has me prostrate with concentration. I just can't help it: I'll read just anything so long as its stacked outside a shop or half obliterated with turpentine.

I must admit it's given me frustrations, this reading habit of mine. I shall never know the seventeenth instalment of Thelma Dorset's memoirs (and I think that part of the sixteenth was missing, too); I shall never know if that Yearling Justified Promise. I shall never

discover if that revolution in Eastern Paraguay has been going on steadily since April 22, 1924; and I have the most delectable Spanish recipe with half the ingredients missing.

And, come to think of it, I suppose I shall never see this article unless, by some act of *lèse-majesté*, some unforgivable myopic error, Mrs. Sims spreads out *Punch* on the kitchen table.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

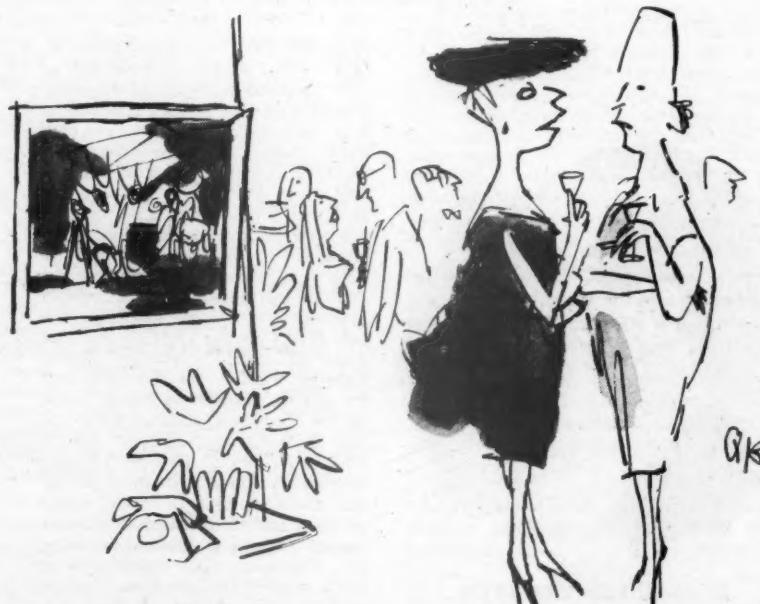
Wife Ironing Shirt

MY dearest, while I weave
The iron round this cuff
And up the other sleeve,
My thoughts are frankly tough.

Mutiny's not too strong
A word, as I attack
Both fronts and then along
The yoke and down the back,

For what (I'm getting near
The last square yard or two)
I think about the sheer
Surface extent of you.

— ANGELA MILNE



" . . . and isn't that last month's picture of the month? "

CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Public Faces

English Political Caricature: A Study of Opinion and Propaganda. Vol. I: to 1792. Vol. II: 1793-1832. M. Dorothy George. Oxford University Press. 2 vols., 70s. each.

CARICATURE, Miss George begins by reminding us, has always been the tool of opposition. It began, appropriately, alongside many more doubtful blessings, with Luther. The spoiled monk of Wittenberg was the first to make systematic use of pictorial propaganda on a massive scale to discredit his ex-brethren. Anticipating his celebrated compatriot, Dr. Goebbels, by some four hundred years, he wrote in 1525 that "on all the walls, on every sort of paper or playing cards, priests and monks are to be so

portrayed that the people are disgusted when they see or hear of the clergy . . ."

The good work spread like wildfire, especially among the English, whose hypocritical downrightness and plain speaking here found its perfect embodiment. Plate One in this lavish collection is a superb woodcut from Fox's *Book of Martyrs* (1576) with Justice holding scales heavily tipped in favour of the Bible while a crowd of rascally Papists, assisted by a small devil (Screwtape-size), attempt to redress the balance by piling on rosaries, wafers, decretals, etc.

At this stage caricature, political or theological, was entirely emblematic. The Seven Hills, the Scarlet Woman, personified grievances such as "Excise" or "Corruption" abounded. The Beast —used impartially by generations of English caricaturists to characterize such disparate political phenomena as

Archbishop Laud, the House of Stuart, Cromwell, Lord Bute, the Fox-North Coalition Ministry and General Bonaparte—abounded. "The double-head, so drawn that the nose of one face becomes the chin of another, was a popular conceit in England and France in the later eighteenth century, sometimes applied to politics, sometimes to such notions as before and after marriage." Hell Mouths, Death skeletons, Eyes of Providence, signs of the Zodiac, illustrated folk metaphors, surrealist portraits composed of invidious ideological emblems—these and a hundred other devices enjoyed a mammoth run of popularity.

Portrait caricature proper only began in the 1750s. Lord Townshend, that volatile politician, whose bust has recently undergone an impressive renovation at the hands of Sir Lewis Namier, introduced the *genre* from Italy and Hogarth perfected it. Miss George, who is saturated with learning but indiscriminate in her enthusiasm for her subject, appears scarcely to realize how Hogarth towered above his contemporaries and successors. Fortunately the superb illustrations she provides enable the reader to judge this for himself. His *An Emblematic Print on the South Sea Scheme*, with its grim echoes of Callot, is a masterpiece of intensive and cumulative detail symbolizing the ruin of trade and the City through "the corruption of the times and the malign and fiendish power of money." From a Guildhall balcony "hangs a mutilated figure of Fortune from which the Devil scythes off fragments for the eager throng below . . . a dwarfish and deformed Alexander Pope rifles the pockets of a fat man with a children's horn-book hanging at his belt who is supposed to be Gay." Honesty is scourged by Villainy, Honour broken on the wheel while a Hogarthian Chaplain of Bray prays beside him. This is great caricature organized and intellectualized to the point of genius. *The Times* (1752), less generalized, more specifically political, triumphs in a similar way.

By comparison with Hogarth all other eighteenth-century caricaturists must seem so many damp squibs. Miss

THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



22.—WALTER NEURATH

BORN 1903. Came with 10 marks in his pocket as a refugee to England but was already a successful publisher in Vienna where he had divided his university days into three parts, study, printing and publishing. Spent years on improving colour printing in this country and was a pioneer of international art book publishing, travelling continuously to find the best printers who were invariably those whom he could fire with enthusiasm for perfect reproduction, with the result that his best books are the joint products of firms all over Europe, in Alsace, Cologne, Zurich and Norwich, and are usually bound in Holland. Some of his proudest achievements are *The Tate Gallery*, Herbert Read's *Concise History of Modern Painting*, Berenson's *The Passionate Sightseer* and the fact that he could make printers and even tough Yorkshire process engravers enthusiastic about art. Has been, since founding it in 1949, head of his own firm Thames and Hudson where even the office boy is judged by his devotion to good books.

George writes of Gillray that "it is one of his great merits to combine allegory and fantasy with excellent personal caricature and to subordinate both to his design," but to the non-specialist even Gillray palls on a prolonged inspection. His pages of grotesques vomiting faction and facetiousness in bubbles of italicized type become boring to a generation nourished on the nostalgia of Tenniel and Partridge, stirred by Low's Blimps and Mussos in the 'thirties and regaled by Vicky and ribbed by Illingworth to-day. Hogarth apart, this is one minor art where the *laudator temporis acti* finds his occupation gone.

— JOHN RAYMOND

NEW NOVELS

Advise and Consent. Allen Drury. *Collins*, 21/-

Weekend in Dinlock. Clancy Sigal. *Secker & Warburg*, 16/-

The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles. Giorgio Bassani (trans. Isabel Quigly). *Faber*, 13/6

Summer Palace. Jeremy Gardner. *Faber*, 13/6

TWO of the books under review this week—*Advise and Consent*, and *Weekend in Dinlock*—have already reached the best-seller lists. Why? What both have in common is fascinating material, a serious and social concern with institutions and behaviour. While reading both books I felt a certain disquiet about the authors' attitudes towards that material—Mr. Drury cannot help but be rather rah-rah about the American way, and Mr. Sigal, for all his awareness of the danger, cannot help romanticizing the English working-class. But in these days of novels by young sensitives who can write of their emotions, their childhood, their social group, but find the broad sweep of society too confusing or too uninteresting to gain their attention, the novelist who does see his medium as being concerned with society, as the novel must be, does merit applause. We in England particularly lack a sense of the large world we live in, of what it is like to live *now* and *here*, and the novel is traditionally one of the places we can go to for the answers.

The society of *Advise and Consent* is the political world of Washington, D.C., centred around the senate—a senate which has been asked to advise and consent to the nomination of Robert A. Leffingwell to Secretary of State. The book suffers from some rather sketchy and absurd figures—the English ambassador with his "I say, old boy," and his contemptuous attitude toward the Indian ambassador, who is likewise absurd—but what is important is that it comes out of a serious and responsible (if somewhat reactionary) view of the business of

government. Current situations are deftly altered—the weak president of to-day becomes a strong, Roosevelt-style high pressure figure, and the MacCarthy figure becomes a left-wing witch-hunter digging out reactionaries—but reality is always there. Mr. Drury's suspicion of a left-wing faction ready to forgo the American ideal and avoid war by temporizing with the Russians comes out as the book develops. He feels, it is apparent, that America has passed into the Age of the Shoddy, when faith in the honesty of the American dream has faded and when the Equivocal Man (so he characterizes Leffingwell), the man who accedes to current fashions and will compromise with anyone (including the, in this book, very horrible Russians) for the sake of peace, can become a serious contender for high office. None the less right triumphs in the end, though rather by chance than by uniform integrity (the MacCarthy-like Van Ackerman is got rid of far too easily).

The society of *Weekend in Dinlock* is a Yorkshire mining village, curiously cut off, curiously without the drive toward middle-class respectability that one finds in other like villages these days. Working-class values are fashionable just now, and everyone who is anyone is demoting his parents; perhaps it is as well that someone like Mr. Sigal is making the effort to record them for us before they disappear altogether. *Weekend in Dinlock* is good and should be read; it is a documentary with a not-quite camera eye, for Mr. Sigal has his own sympathies and his own blind-spots. In some ways his being an outsider and an American helps him very much indeed, though it gives curious distortions (Davie, the artist-miner, with his crucifying self-doubt, is an American rather than an English figure); there are moments of remarkable understanding, and the final pit-scene is superb, and painful.

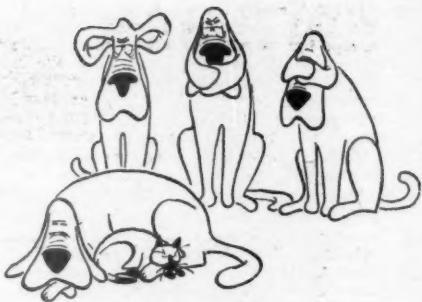
The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles links two themes of persecution—the persecution of the Jews by Mussolini and that of a homosexual doctor by the population of the Italian town he lives in. Men are like animals—they must follow out their own nature, we are told; so that a strange fatalism hangs over the tale. *The Summer Palace* is the non-social novel *par excellence*—a sensitive and skilled tale about the private world of a twelve-year-old in wartime Malta. The private world is contrasted with the larger conflict, but to no enormous advantage, for the emphasis is on the isolation from events and not on events themselves.

— MALCOLM BRADBURY

LITERARY LIVES

I Am My Brother. John Lehmann. *Longmans*, 25/-

The second volume of Mr. Lehmann's autobiography covers the war period and is about bombs, *Penguin New Writing*, literary parties and attempts to make



contact with foreign writers, especially in Russia. Although it has plenty to interest gossip-gourmets and historians, it is intended primarily as a reworking of conflicts in its author's mind: should he be a poet or an editor, what place, left of Churchill, was there for an ex-Marxist, was literature a search for social justice or for the meaning of the individual life?

Less vivid than the evocation of a happy childhood in *The Whispering Gallery*, the picture of a tough, dedicated adult life is oddly sympathetic, despite its rather hard and autocratic tone. The mechanics of the life of a literary entrepreneur are fascinating. How on earth did he manage to get through the work and yet have apparently endless time for chatting? The surrealist title of the book deserves a word of special praise.

— R. G. G. P.

My Poor Arthur. An Illumination of Arthur Rimbaud. Elisabeth Hanson. *Secker and Warburg* with *Chatto and Windus*, 30/-

The Hansons are a businesslike pair of biographers, and they have long been working their way through the late nineteenth century. Van Gogh, *The Noble Savage* (Gauguin), *The Tragic Life of Toulouse-Lautrec*: they had given the artists full-coloured treatment before they turned to *The Prince of Poets* (Verlaine). And now Mrs. Hanson, bowing to the inevitable, has given us a Life of Verlaine's companion; and this, in one respect, an extraordinary book. "I am a biographer," writes the author, "and literary criticism as such has no place in a biography." What she tries to show is not so much Rimbaud the poet as Rimbaud, mother's boy; and this, to say the least of it, is an unorthodox introduction to the poet of *Les Illuminations* and *Une Saison en Enfer*. Mrs. Hanson has no new material, nor does she cite the standard Life of Rimbaud in her bibliography. No matter: she streaks ahead. And those who like "astonishing stories of precocity and failure" will no doubt appreciate her narrative.

— J. R.

CREDIT BALANCE

One Man in His Time. Serge Obolensky. *Hutchinson*, 25/-. High life in St. Petersburg: Customs of Oxford dining clubs: Rasputin's

The publisher of *The Town that Went South*, by Clive King, is not Macmillan and Co., but the Macmillan Co. of New York.

murder: Cavalry charges in World War I: Marriage to daughter of Tsar Alexander II: Escape from Revolution disguised as textile expert: Marriage to an Astor: High life in the Curzon circle and the United States: Harpooning in Galapagos Islands: Hotel management: Paratrooping: Capture of Sardinia: Gramophone party given by "Chips" Channon to royalty who had not been invited to Buckingham Palace.

Poetry of This Age: 1908-1958. J. M. Cohen. Hutchinson, 25/- . A handy round-up of thirty poets in six languages, five with sub-titles, Russian dubbed. Emphasis on ideas and technique. Sober and useful, if unsurprising. Also available as a paper-back (*Grey Arrow*, 5/-). No index.

AT THE PLAY

Saint Joan (OLD VIC)
Double Yolk (ST. MARTIN'S)
Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be
 (GARRICK)
The Night Life of a Virile Potato
 (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

AT the Old Vic all the current cohorts are in action in a rousing production of *Saint Joan* by Douglas Seale. Let me say at once that, unlike some other critics, I was moved by Barbara Jefford, whose performance seems to me very good. Not great; but very good. She is spirited and eager, the very girl to cut through sophistries with a peasant wit; she has the simplicity of

the visionary, and the comradeship qualities of a good soldier. She is on the handsome side for Joan, certainly, but what Frenchman would object to that? The great speech in which she tears up her surrender is spoken most stirringly. She is one of the few young actresses who get better every time one sees them.

Douglas Seale's production is thoroughly sensible. It opens dramatically with a great crash of light on the eggless Baudricourt, and is everywhere concerned first of all with Shaw. Alec McCowen distinguishes himself as the Dauphin, pert and nerve-strained; but so do Walter Hudd, who delivers the Inquisitor's speech superbly, and Robert Harris, whose Bishop of Beauvais is a formidable statesman. Joss Ackland is impressive as the Archbishop, and Donald Houston's honest Dunois, George Baker's imperious Warwick and John Moffatt's fanatical Stogumber are all effective. Leslie Hurry's decorations are unobtrusively pleasing. What a wonderfully theatrical play this is! All but the epilogue, which makes the sole point about saints being unwanted at the cost of breaking into a totally different dimension.

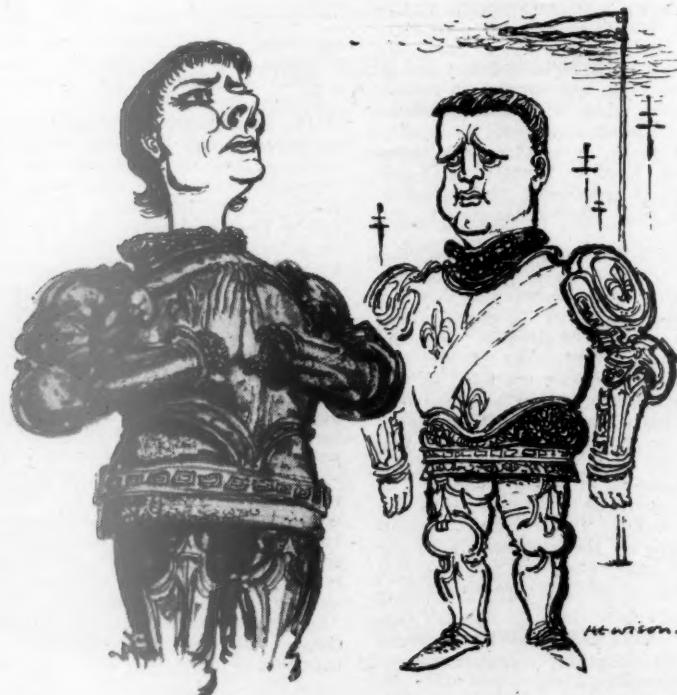
Hugh and Margaret Williams' latest venture, *Double Yolk*, takes us into deeper waters than their successful comedies. In *The Happy Man*, which I

thought under-rated, they showed signs of wanting to write a serious play; in fact we have here two serious one-acters, joined at the close of the second by a somewhat slender thread.

About the first, *A Sparrow Falls*, it is difficult to be critical without giving away a surprise, although I am not sure how much importance the authors placed on this, since the clues they lay to it are so obvious. The play is a study of a marriage in which a husband's love has not survived the crippling of his wife. She is stuck in a wheel-chair, bitter but brave, while he is coolly solicitous. The dramatic spring employed by the Williams is the one dear to Victorian playwrights, of the letter in the wrong envelope; no harm in that, but it leads to a slightly uncomfortable scene where it is read out. I found that this play unwound rather mechanically. Judy Campbell establishes the wife as a strong-minded woman who must have been attractive, Gwynne Whitby is a charming nurse and Harold Scott makes himself felt as a highly unprofessional old doctor. But Robert Flemyng is hamstrung by the demands of his part, which seems a weakness in the writing.

Special Providence is about another marriage in the doldrums, that of a keen young flight-lieutenant involved in a crash after a party and facing prosecution and probably court-martial. He and his wife adore one another, but unknown to him she suffers agonies of apprehension whenever he flies; thus she is torn between her loyalty as a service wife and her secret hope that his flying days are over. This situation is explored with such accurate observation that it becomes poignantly real; one feels that the Williams are reassuringly in touch with their characters, and the acting is admirable. Anna Massey and Richard Briers are touchingly natural, and Avice Landone is excellent as a sympathetic mother. I think this is the better play; I don't think either succeeds with quite the flourish of *The Grass is Greener*. Both are notably well produced, the first by Jack Minster, the second by Celia Johnson.

Another low-life musical comes in deservedly from Theatre Workshop. *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be* is a further stage in our current course of night-classes in sociology; it deals with a seedy gambling-den in Soho run by a much-slashed veteran and attended by a faithful gang of tarts and pences and all the other citizens our mothers never mentioned. The book, by Frank Norman,



Joan—BARBARA JEFFORD

Dunois—DONALD HUSTON

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Cinema"—Gaumont Cinema, Coventry.
 "Punch with Wings"—Exhibition Hall, Queens Buildings, London Airport Central.

tells a shaky story but tells it in fascinating spiv language that rings authentically, while Lionel Bart's tunes and lyrics go well together and have a catchy vitality. But what makes this such a refreshing evening is the enormous

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Rep, *Henry IV*, Pt. 1 unspecified run.
Theatre Royal, Windsor, *Off a Duck's Back*, until February 27th.
Castle, Farnham, *An Air for Murder*, until February 20th.
Oldham Rep, *The French Mistress*, until February 20th.

comic gusto that Joan Littlewood has instilled in her cast. Miriam Karlin leads with a coarse brilliance as the spiv's right-hand girl; her vivid personality helps to disguise the patchiness of the story. The spiv, past his prime, is given a sinister calm by Glynn Edwards. In some ways the most remarkable performance is by James Booth, as a contact-man, a boneless, twitching, non-stop character who seems to come from the very womb of the jazz age; but then there is Barbara Windsor, asking in a baby voice where little birds go in the winter, and there is Wallas Eaton, as an antic interior decorator. And there are others, for this is an exceptional collection of cockney comedians.

The Night Life of a Virile Potato in no way survives the coyness of its title. It is a fatuous little comedy in which Sarah Churchill and others battle with fatuous little jokes, and only Avril Angers as a comic maid means anything.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Wrong Side of the Park (Cambridge—10/2/60), Margaret Leighton triumphs in interesting new play. It joins *Rosmersholm* (Comedy—25/11/59) and *The Aspern Papers* (Queen's—19/8/59) to make London's Big Three.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

A Touch of Larceny—Never So Few

I VERY much enjoyed *A Touch of Larceny* (Director: Guy Hamilton): a really bright, gay, funny, ingeniously well-made British comedy, with a sparkling script by Roger MacDougall, the director, and Ivan Foxwell, the producer, from a novel by Andrew Garve.

What a treat it is to see something that assumes one has some perception and alertness, something that does not rub in its effects, something that takes it for granted that one is listening and watching and not missing alternate lines as one



[A Touch of Larceny

Commander Max Easton—JAMES MASON

repeats the last to one's companion or asks one's companion what it was! There are *doubles entendres* here—but genuinely witty ones, not the crude bits of this-side-of-indecency usual in so many second-rate British comedies; there are *flashes* of scenes necessary for the understanding of an incident, not the lovingly ham-fisted elaboration so often thought to be demanded by an average audience; there are quick throwaway references to phenomena most people know about, without the earnest explanation that makes them clear to the dimwits and spoils them for everybody else.

And the story itself is ingeniously amusing, as well as contemporary in circumstances and atmosphere. Its central idea is that of an officer at the Admiralty who plans to make a lot of money out of the newspapers by leading them on to libel him and then producing a quite innocent explanation of his suspicious behaviour. We see him get the idea, we see him working it out, we see it go wrong; and then a final ingenious twist leaves nobody any the worse. And it is all told crisply, wittily, in scenes full of well-observed and well-invented detail, without a wasted shot. Here is a tiny point typical of the film's method. Commander Easton (James Mason) is sprinkling clues before he disappears: he writes an apparently significant note and crumples it into a drawer as if it were a rejected draft. Some time later, two glum plain-clothes men come into the room and begin to look round, and one casually opens a table drawer. Then, *cut*; that's all we see of the search. They have not yet touched the drawer in which the note was put, but we have been given just enough of a reminder to realize that they

will inevitably find it. And that is infinitely more satisfying than to see them find it.

Mr. Mason is excellent as the disingenuous Commander, Vera Miles is far more than merely decorative as the girl he is after, George Sanders admirably and amusingly shows how the charming and distinguished Foreign Office man she promised to marry reveals a streak of pomposity that makes her break it off. There are many splendidly-done small parts. But most important of all are the script and direction.

And the script and—presumably—the novel on which it is based are the trouble with *Never So Few* (Director: John Sturges), for which I break my usual rule of ignoring films I don't like. (If the novel isn't to blame, the author of that has a case for damage to professional reputation.) The film seems to me brash, insensitive, quite cynically reckless hokum. It presents Frank Sinatra as the co-commander—the other being British (Richard Johnson)—of a small force of Kachin guerrillas holding back the Japanese in the North Burmese jungle “in the critical early days of World War II,” as a foreword puts it. He is a moody, self-dramatizing character, never one to do what his superiors tell him if disobeying them makes a nice spectacular effect. Thus when his radio operator, in touch with headquarters, looks up from the switchboard and begins “They want to know . . .” he leans over and brusquely yanks the plug out. That'll show 'em, eh? What a man!

The piece's chief aim is to alternate fighting scenes with scenes in a place in “the Himalayan foothills” where when on leave he can pursue a snarling love



IVOR EMMANUEL

[Land of Song]

affair with Carla (Gina Lollobrigida, in gowns by Helen Rose). The fighting situation is complicated by Chinese bandits who, it is discovered, have been killing Americans, and when a captured one kills his British colleague he "goes berserk" and has all his prisoners executed. This causes some uneasiness at H.Q., but he is exonerated, and at last, with a letter of gratitude signed by Chiang Kai-shek, no less, he gets the girl. That's the happy ending.

On this they have wasted many good players, a good director, magnificent colour photography and location work that must have cost God knows how much. It makes me angry.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Flesh and the Fiends is not the horror-piece its title and advertisements try to suggest, but a story of Dr. Knox and Burke and Hare strongly reminiscent of James Bridie's play *The Anatomist*; nobody concerned seems to take it seriously, and the result is quite entertaining. My first London choices would still be Bergman's moving and funny *Waiting Women* (3/2/60) and the less universally enjoyable *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (20/1/60). The point of *The Fall* (10/2/60) is not easy to grasp, but it is brilliantly interesting in technique and has four strikingly clever children. Department of mere entertainment: the highly amusing and enjoyable *Operation Petticoat* (10/2/60), and the remarkably funny version of Jules Verne's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (3/2/60).

... Which last is also among the releases; but the outstanding one is *On the Beach* (30/12/59), which I could see again with pleasure now.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Welsh Night

WHAT a lot of trouble the T.W.W. Welsh Network take over their monthly "Land of Song" programmes! The latest edition began with a filmed sequence in which Ivor Emmanuel was an 1880 engine-driver-cum-fireman, stoking his venerable loco as it belted along to a place called Llantele, with orchestral accompaniment. Llantele station was reached all too soon (I had been hoping for train-robbers, or a narrow escape on a dynamited bridge) and turned out to be an elaborately conceived studio set, picturesque and coy as an opening scene in a vintage musical comedy and dressed over all with lifelike props, especially milk-churns. Here there presently gathered, for some unfathomable Celtic reason, most of the population of the village, clothed in period garments of an incredible drabness (I liked this uncompromising touch) and neatly divided into male voice choir, mixed juniors, and ladies' chorus. There were solo villagers, too, but their several identities were not made clear to me in the Welsh credits at the end. At all events, Ivor Emmanuel, one of the most self-possessed and volatile spirits ever set at large on the little screen (so volatile, in fact, that on this occasion he even barged right into the credits) was evidently well beloved of the villagers. In no time at all he was leading them, with a strong and likeable tenor voice, through a non-stop programme of songs and choruses, in Welsh. At first they all seemed to be about the railways (is Wales as rich as the U.S. in songs of the iron road?), but gradually comic songs crept in, and sentimental ballads, and bits of opera, and even an example of the

work of Ivor Novello. And all the time the villagers were grouping and regrouping, and changing into pointed hats, and doing little dance steps, and generally behaving like the Entire Company in the final grand Production Number in a pierrot show. After forty minutes of this Ivor Emmanuel got back into his engine as perky as ever, and presumably went off to another engagement farther up the line.

The quality of the singing was high, and I cannot see why it was felt necessary to dress the concert up, and choreograph it, and turn it into a creaking pantomime extravaganza. I always thought the Welsh took their singing seriously: if this show is a sign that they are self-conscious about it, we're in for some lukewarm Rugger internationals.

The "Third Man," the "Four Just Men," the "Invisible Man"—and now, heaven help us, "Philip Marlowe" (BBC). This series of filmed detective thrillers bears no resemblance that I can see to any of the works of Raymond Chandler, and I still regard the whole system of cashing-in on household names as unwarrantable deception. This present example is the usual mass-produced nonsense in fairly glossy settings. I don't believe Mr. Chandler would have liked it. If it had borne any other title I might have given it some critical attention. As it is, all I will say is that they haven't got it right yet, and I don't suppose they ever will.

With "A Life of Bliss" (BBC) we enter that curious dream-world that used to exist on the West End stage from time to time, where everybody is ever so nice, and tea is served no matter what, and french-windows open on to a garden, and either Mrs. Dale or a comic vicar is liable to come clucking in at any moment, and the smell of tweeds and after-shave lotion hangs over all, and there is a lot of love but no sex, and life moves from crisis to tiny crisis for no other reason than that characters keep misunderstanding what other characters say. It's interesting to see it all again, and I've no doubt it gives a lot of people pleasure. George Cole's blithering idiot is well done, but I believe the whole thing was more acceptable on sound radio: to give these fairyland figures visible substance is to invite, at the very least, disbelief.

Reviewing "The Sunday Break" (ABC) last December, I wrote that Mr. Philip Race "proved that to-day's teenagers are actually more religious than those of any previous generation." I now find that what Mr. Race really said was "You ask why—that's fine. And in that sense—in that basic sense—you are a more religious generation than any recent previous generation of young people has been." I apologize for my omission of the word "recent."

— HENRY TURTON

As They Might Have Been

X J. B. PRIESTLEY

*WHERE has our erstwhile good companion gone,
Sunk without trace in this atomic age?
We much preferred the flavour of the Swan
Before it got so thickly stuffed with Sage.*



Memo from the Head

By R. G. G. PRICE

I—I have forbidden the Terrible Three to co-opt the gardener's boy.

II—In future the Caves are out-of-bounds except to properly elected members of the Fifth Form Spy-Hunting Society. They have been used for illicit feasts. Surely St. Griselda's girls should appreciate the difference between a Cave and a Dorm?

III—Miss van Huyler has been missing for a fortnight and, in accordance with paragraph D of her Letter of Appointment, ceases to be a member of the staff. I am placing an advertisement in the Personal Column of *The Times* warning any girls engaged in tracking her that, unless they report back by Callover on Tuesday, they risk forfeiting three Conduct Marks.

IV—Will all mistresses try to divert the thoughts of the new Peruvian girl in L.IVb, Conchita Gonzalez, from expensive motor-cars to such healthier topics as ponies and kindness to those less fortunate than herself? Her sophisticated conversation is noticeably undermining the robust Englishry of Madge, Gertrude, April and others in C Dorm.

V—The engagement of Professor Glockenspiel to teach the harp is a temporary one owing to the absence of Miss Heather Fawcett and the Pipe Band on the Greenland trek. House-mistresses should gently remind their

girls that we know little of what solid qualities may underlie Professor Glockenspiel's romantic exterior.

VI—Hangman's Copse is excluded from Hare-and-Hounds for all runners who have not won a Courage Badge with Bar.

VII—The Governors' Challenge Cup for Endurance, Pluck and Fibre has been awarded to the crew of *The Buccaneer* for their share in sinking the getaway launch *Nark II*. Well done, *Buccaneer*!

VIII—Doping of horses at House Gymkhana will cease forthwith.

IX—With three dances a year, the cricket-match and the Annual Debate, there is no need for further fraternization with the boys of Clifftop College. I am displeased to find that three of my prefects have been meeting Clifftop boys at night in the deserted mill by Undergrowth Quarry. I recognize that the purpose of these meetings is a patriotic one, the unmasking of the Clifftop Senior Modern Languages Master as an Atomic Spy; but the planning stage seems unduly protracted. I have asked Miss Flitch, who is hardy, used to exposure and, as most of her colleagues will know, has been seconded by Scotland Yard to take our Botany and Religious Knowledge, to attend future meetings instead of taking

Non-choir duty, which will, in future, be shared by Miss Jukes and Miss Howell-Knight.

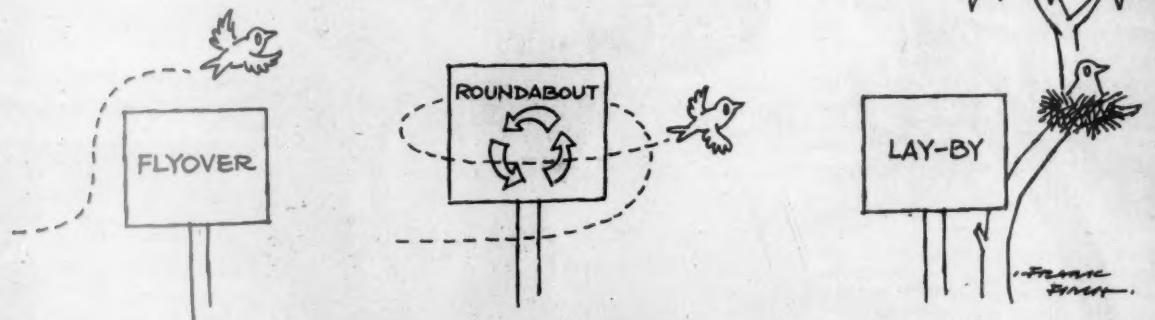
X—The Honourable Fern Heppel-whyte-Chippendayle is expelled for pulling her horse in the 2.20.

XI—Cheating in examinations by means of a television camera slung among the rafters of Hall and a pocket-monitoring screen is yet another example of the unhealthy influence on Monica of her stepfather, Professor Hedge. Last term it was the use of gravity-resisting ointment in the High Jump and the term before there was that worrying business when she read Miss Hammer's thoughts with a mind-detector. Will all members of the staff co-operate in bringing before Monica's attention her Duty to Her Neighbour. We undertake to do this in the Prospectus (Para. 17).

XII—Mounted archery will cease forthwith.

XIII—Henrietta Walsh is really, it has emerged, a boy called Herbert Goode who was expelled from Clifftop for being the accomplice of forgers. He is transferred from A Dorm to the Detention Cellar pending clarification of the position about fees. *His marks do not count for House Points.*

XIV—Will all mistresses this term make a special drive against bad spelling.



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